DECEMBER 2, 1981 • $1.50

C. Vann Woodward on the Myth of American Guilt

Why Reaganomics Can't Survive Mr. Stockman's Indiscretions

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Remembering The Beatles

By John Lahr

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CORRESPONDENCE

VATICAN ECONOMIST

To the editors:
Of course the Pope is no supply sider! ("Papal Economics," by Nicholas von Hoffman, TNR, November 4.) He yearns for the day when his church was shepherd and mankind was its flock. The moral sentiments von Hoffman attributes to him describe duties the medieval church had as the Heavenly Father's agent to care for His earthly children. These are the same paternal duties that believers in the welfare state now ascribe to it, and the price the state exacts for fulfilling them is the same: liberty.

Max Hocutt
Northport, Alabama

GIVING CARTER CREDIT

To the editors:
Jeane Kirkpatrick writes, "Certainly the peace process initiated by Sadat, Menachem Begin, and the United States . . ." ("Dishonoring Sadat," TNR, November 11). Would it have been too painful for her to insert the real prompter and keystone of the conference rather than an impersonal "United States"? His name is Jimmy Carter.

Bud Frederick
Live Oak, California

COMMUNITY OF WRITERS

To the editors:
I read Richard Grenier's article on the American Writers Congress with great interest and amusement ("Writers' Bloc," TNR, November 4). Grenier asked if all those attending the congress were writers. I think I understand his point. Nine out of ten "serious" writers and poets seem to be more dabblers than dedicated. But out of the thousands present at the congress, there were a few of us from Montreal, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Houston, and Brooklyn who came not so much for the politics as for the company of fellow writers. We weren't looking to ogle literary superstars or to hungrily search for agents and editors, nor were we seeking a forum to oppose the sale of Awacs (as I heard one caucus consider), nor waiting for the largest and most raucous cocktail bash that onlookers seemed to anticipate. The individuals in my group were there to meet other writers (it was unimportant that none of us had "made it big"), to talk of our experiences and listen to others', to share information, to make new friends—in short, to mitigate loneliness and the other frustrations of writing. It was exhilarating to be with others who loved the craft. Alas, our cadre was small and colorless, and therefore went unnoticed by Grenier's bemused eye.

Judging from Grenier's piece, as well as those which had appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times*, the congress was an easy target. I suppose this was unavoidable given the self-righteous indignation that seemed to dominate some of the discussions. I have little doubt the excerpts Grenier used were accurate, however myopic. But one must be reminded: the anatomist can't judge the soul of a man by studying his disembodied spleen.

William D. Green
Minneapolis, Minnesota

FREE ADMISSION, OF COURSE

To the editors:
The United States faces two festering problems. First, what is the best use of Alcatraz? Second, where should the Nixon Museum be located? The answer seems obvious.

John M. Kuhlman
Hartsburg, Missouri

LEGACY OF RACISM

To the editors:
Mark Crispin Miller's article, "Black and White" (TNR, October 28), would have you believe that the media overemphasize wicked white racists and exaggerate the noble black loser or victim. Miller found practically nothing good to say about NBC's "90-minute documentary on our racial problems." This certainly makes his view of the program as slanted as he claims the program to be. He emphasizes his criticisms of the program to make his critical points. Perhaps NBC focused upon white oppressors to emphasize the lingering legacy of slavery, racism, and broken promises.

There is nothing romantic about racism, and if Miller and your readers have any doubts about racism's virulence and vitality, compare the income, unemployment rates, housing, elected officials, and health of blacks with those of whites or even Hispanics. The comparison will demonstrate that blacks experience substantially more oppression or discrimination than not only whites in general but also Hispanics in particular.

Kenneth S. Tollett, director
Institute for the Study of Educational Policy
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
I could hardly wait to read Mark Crispin Miller's article "Black and White," since I have been a member for ten years of a national organization—the Panel of American Women—that has as its goal "the elimination of racism" in this country. I was struck immediately by Miller's opening paragraph, which essentially denies the concept of "racism" as oppression or mistreatment of one race by another—calling that a "sentimental myth." He implies that by dealing with blacks as "victims" of racism we (the white majority) perpetuate the slave-master relationship, and he seems to imply that somehow all the problems of black minorities have been caused or at least exacerbated by television. How convenient that we whites can push off all our responsibility for creating this society onto television. Talk about scapegoats!

I spent eight hours this spring at the Panel of American Women's Biennial in Rochester, New York, working with Dr. Charles King. To quote Miller, King is "a towering boor with a voice like the blast of a hostile tuba," but I can assure Miller that he is completely mistaken in that assessment, also. Dr. King emphasizes feelings because it is not as easy to mistreat and oppress those who have not been completely de-personalized, but he goes much further, showing white audiences that by continued acceptance of our institutional racism we perpetuate the problems of minorities. There can be no doubt that minorities are indeed victims of institutional racism, and only when we face up to the consequences of these historic practices will we be able to change our institutions to meet the needs of all Americans. But first must come the

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Nuclear Duel

I find it hard to believe, but the man said it: each modern nuclear bomb has a power equal to "all the bombs of World War II." That was Carl Sagan, teacher of astronomy and physics at Cornell, talking calmly to a group of reporters one day recently here. Now the Reagan Administration is sitting down with the Soviets in Geneva to discuss control of theater nuclear weapons. It might even sign a treaty about them. Nobody thinks the chances are very bright.

Let's consider the situation. On August 6 and 9, 1945, U.S. planes dropped the first two primitive nuclear bombs (whimsically called "Little Boy" and "Fat Man") on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Two hundred thousand people died outright and 130,000 later from wounds and cancer. Now the U.S. and the Soviets are engaged in a nuclear arms race with arsenals equal to the explosive power of a million Hiroshima bombs. Each builds two or three new ones daily. There are enough bombs now to kill 100 billion people, although there are only 4.5 billion people on Earth.

We have waited 10 months for these talks to begin. We have waited 10 months to see if the Reagan Administration had any foreign policy other than a comprehensive, all-purpose anti-communism. Under pressure at home and abroad, President Reagan finally broke his silence in a formal speech last week. A number of developments meanwhile affect the situation. America rejected SALT II despite its presidential signature (a situation particularly difficult for NATO allies to understand). The U.S. undertook the greatest arms buildup in peacetime history. The President repeatedly underlined his suspicion and abhorrence of the Soviet Union. Reagan and his advisers hinted that limited nuclear war could be fought without precipitating all-out conflict. Again without consulting allies, the Administration announced on August 10 that it would build neutron warheads, reversing Carter policy, and once more inferring that a miniature nuclear war can be fought. Meanwhile tension appeared among Secretaries Haig and Weinberger and others causing sour laughter when, during his November 10 press conference, the President roguishly referred to the "very happy group" in his official family. During this sensitive interval Europe listened for some official reassurance about efforts to end the cold war. Washington said to wait.

There have been peace demonstrations in NATO capitals. They are different and more sober than the anti-draft Vietnam protests in the U.S. They are aroused by a feeling of menace and foreboding. Back in December 1979 NATO decided to deploy U.S. missiles in Europe to counter the Soviet missiles. Soviet arms are still there. But who in NATO wants the missiles? Like citizens of Nevada and Utah, Europeans resent silos built on their territory. Lawrence Eagleburger, Haig's chief deputy on European affairs, listens to the murmur and warns that the most serious split in NATO history may be approaching. Reagan's critics in Europe depict him (falsely) as a cowboy with nuclear bombs on his hip. They quote his simplifications. He told the *Wall Street Journal* during his campaign, "The [Soviets] underlie all the unrest that is going on. If they weren't engaged in this game of dominoes, there wouldn't be any hot spots in the world." Has he broadened his views since?

Reagan has appointed Paul H. Nitze to be his negotiator in Geneva. Nitze is 74, urbane, articulate, flinty, Harvard *cum laude*, Secretary of the Navy from 1963 to 1967, and a veteran hawk. A former SALT negotiator, he fought the Carter treaty and helped reject it. Now it's a confrontation with the Soviets, eyeball to eyeball. He offers them a "zero-option" proposal which he knows they won't accept, but which anticipates their propaganda: let them dismantle their European-aimed missiles and we will not introduce our own! This puts the burden on them. Maybe some interim goal can be negotiated. At least the two are talking.

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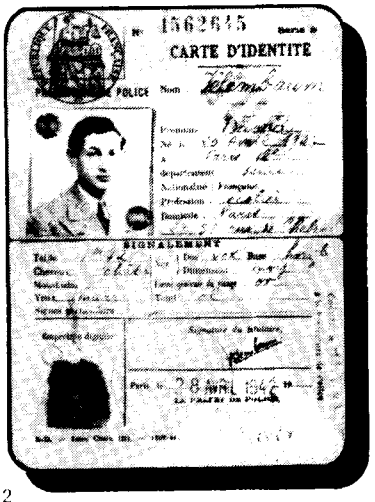
"A heart-rending account....This indictment is far more powerful than previous works on the subject." —Stanley Hoffmann, *New York Times Book Review, front page*

For the first time, the anti-Semitic policies of Vichy France—often pursued independently of German pressure—have been fully documented. This book shows how the collaborationist regime systematically stripped Jews of their rights, of their property, and ultimately of their lives.

VICHY FRANCE and the JEWS

Michael R. Marrus and Robert O. Paxton

$20.95 at bookstores



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

DECEMBER 2, 1981

THE STOCKMAN PAPERS

> Reagan's policy makers knew that their plan was wrong, or at least inadequate to its promised effects, but the President went ahead and conveyed the opposite impression to the American public. With the cool sincerity of an experienced television actor, Reagan appeared on network TV to rally the nation in support of the Gramm-Latta resolution, promising a new era of fiscal control and balanced budgets, when Stockman knew they still had not found the solution.

This excerpt encompasses the only real gap in the *Atlantic Monthly*'s stunning revelation of duplicity and cynicism in the making of Reagan Administration economic policy. The gap is that readers never learn whether Ronald Reagan was a knowing participant in his top staff's deception of Congress and the American people, or merely a doddering pitchman sent out to sell a package whose contents he knew nothing about. In a sense, it makes little difference. William Greider's masterly *Atlantic* article tells us that intellectual rot infests the Administration virtually to its highest level. Still, the American people need to know whether the man at the very top was a co-conspirator or merely a dupe. That would help them decide whether to be angry at Ronald Reagan, or at themselves for electing him.

It's being said in Washington and elsewhere that people knew all along that supply-side economics would never work—that they didn't need David Stockman's indiscretion to tell them that the combination of big tax cuts and big defense increases could lead only to big budget deficits, high interest rates, and recession. That much was clear back in the 1980 primaries, when George Bush unforgettably called the Kemp-Roth plan (espoused by candidate Reagan) "voodoo economics." It was clear later in the campaign when John Anderson said it all could work only "with mirrors." It was clear when Walter Heller, James Tobin, Charles Schultze, John Kenneth Galbraith, and other Democratic economists pointed out (sometimes in this magazine) that Reaganomics—with its tax cuts and tight money policies working against each other—was like two locomotives pulling in opposite directions, or like a driver jamming on the accelerator and the brake at the same time. So we "knew"—just as we knew that the Vietnam War was a mistake and a tragedy well before the Pentagon papers were published. What the Stockman papers tell us is that Mr. Reagan's own budget director knew as well—knew practically from the minute he took his solemn oath of office that Reaganomics was an empty promise. What the *Atlantic*'s article teaches us is that the country was treated to a kind of economic Gulf of Tonkin incident, and that Congress was bulldozed into signing a blank check equivalent to the Tonkin resolution.

In early January, Mr. Greider writes, the Office of Management and Budget's computer model of the U.S. economy was instructed by Mr. Stockman and his staff to estimate the impact of Mr. Reagan's proposed tax cuts. The results, Mr. Stockman confided to Mr. Greider, were "absolutely shocking." The Reagan program would produce the highest peacetime deficits in history—$82 billion in fiscal 1982 and $116 billion in 1984. Mr. Stockman told Mr. Greider that if those figures were made public, the financial markets would panic, interest rates would go sky-high, and inflationary psychology would soar. What did Mr. Stockman do? Why, he reprogrammed the computer to produce the forecasts he needed to sell Reaganomics. One could say that at this early point he was deceiving himself as well as Congress and the country in hopes that somehow Reaganomics would work magic and make the rigged computer projections come true. If Mr. Stockman back then was an innocent believer, however, he wasn't one for long.

What Mr. Stockman witnessed, and then became a party to (reluctantly, he told Mr. Greider, always reluctantly) and finally an apologist for, was the conversion of an unrealistic (but idealistic) theory into an instrument benefiting the classic forces of greed in American society. In the 1980 campaign, Ronald Reagan promised that his tax cuts would unleash such

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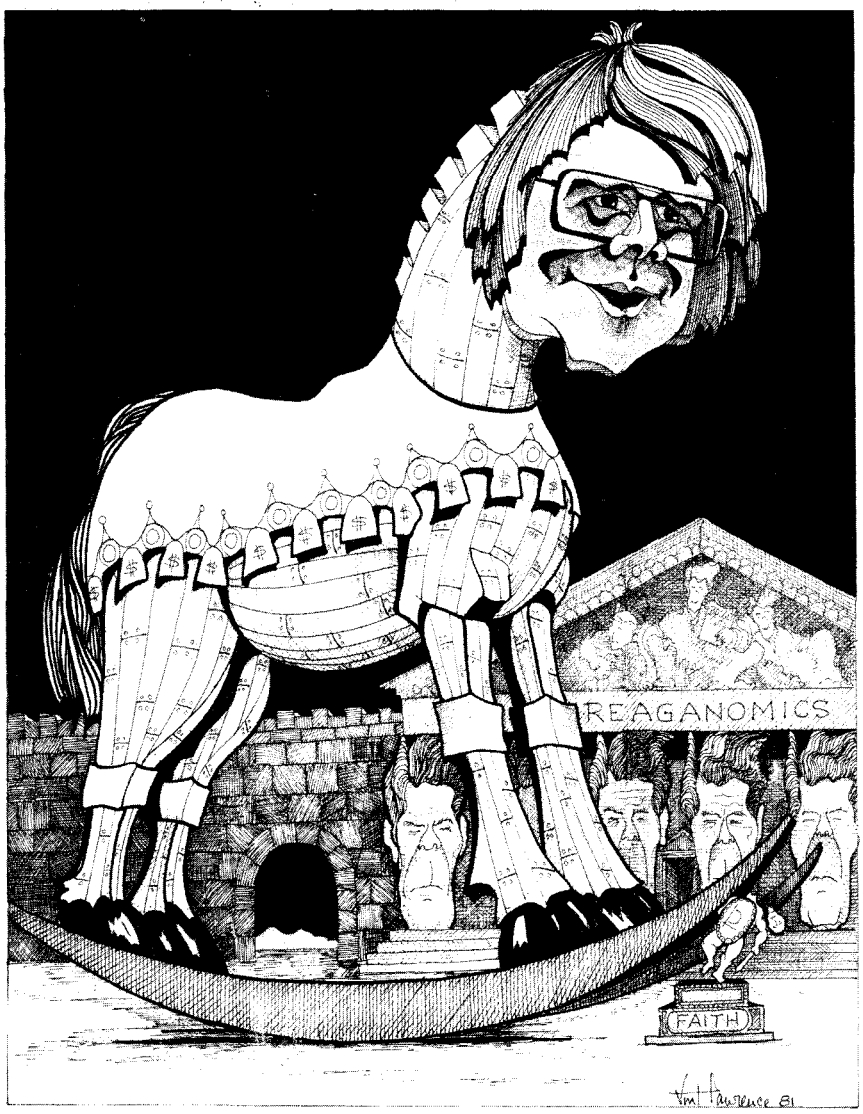
productive energy that few if any federal programs would have to be done away with—only two percent of the whole, he said, all of it consisting of waste, fraud, and abuse. Once elected, though, Mr. Stockman and Mr. Reagan set out to slash $40 billion in domestic programs. "Zero out" was Mr. Stockman's phrase for what would happen to minimum Social Security benefits, CETA job training, and other social programs. In the Phoenix program in Vietnam, the equivalent phrase was "terminate with extreme prejudice."

To his credit, Mr. Stockman originally wanted to pare away subsidies for the fat and rich along with programs benefiting the weak and poor. He was for a cutback in Ex-Im Bank subsidies for IBM and Lockheed, for a "mansion cap" limiting mortgage interest deductions on palaces, for elimination of oil depletion allowances, for cutting tax subsidies on industrial development bonds. But to the Reagan Administration, sharing austerity is pointless when the poor can be made to bear it all. Mr. Stockman wanted to target what he called "weak claims"; the Administration ended up training its sights on "weak clients" instead. Mr. Stockman shed a tear or two when he lost, but he always dried his eyes in time to take another swipe at food stamps and orphans' benefits.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It was not Mr. Stockman's idea to cut taxes by $750 billion over the next five years, but he understood the budget impact that such revenue losses would have. He also understood—in the most damaging phrase in the Greider article—that the across-the-board tax rate cuts were merely a "Trojan horse" to benefit the rich. Did the budget director resign on principle over such deception? Quite the contrary, he went on working 16 hours a day for the Reagan program, and he wants to keep on doing so. He is the author of the new lists of budget cuts—and poor people are first in line again. He also advocated "revenue enhancement" measures to ease the budget deficits, but as usual he lost out in intra-Administration battles to truer believers who think that even increases in alcohol taxes are somehow an infringement on sacred property rights.

Democrats and repentant Republicans have every right to seize upon the Stockman papers in righteous indignation, demanding to know in detail what the Administration knew about the effects of its economic program and when it knew it. But exposing the seamy truth about Administration deception will not necessarily produce wiser economic policy or even help the Administration's opponents politically. There is still no comprehensive Democratic alternative to Reaganomics that candidates can take to the public in 1982 in hopes of winning support.

Many Democrats, unfortunately, are tempted reflexively to undo whatever Mr. Reagan has done—to increase taxes he decreased, to restore budget cuts he imposed, to kill weapons systems he revived. A defense program that consists (in Mr. Stockman's pungent phrase) of "just a bunch of numbers on a piece of paper" is obviously a prime candidate for scrutiny (though in cutting the defense budget, as in cutting the social services budget, the scalpel is a better tool than the meat-ax). And for the Democrats to advocate—as Walter Mondale has, among others—that individual tax cuts be postponed is to risk having the Democratic Party tagged as the party of high taxes.

Democrats think they are showing fiscal responsibil-

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ity by favoring tax increases to narrow Reagan's budget deficits. But they can be responsible and also smart. Instead of eliminating individual tax cuts, the Democrats ought to urge spreading benefits and sacrifices truly "across the board," rather than merely reserving the former for the rich and the latter for everyone else. The Democrats ought to seize upon David Stockman's suppressed "Chapter II" set of economic reforms—$20 billion of loophole closings and increased user fees—and move to undo the most indefensible 1980 corporate tax cuts and subsidies.

And, most important, the Democrats should be clear about why budget deficits are important. It's not their absolute size or even their percentage of the gross national product that counts, but their effect on the capital market. There is a finite pool of saved money available each year for borrowing. Given tight money, the bigger the government's deficit the less money there is for private borrowing to modernize and expand the nation's industrial plant and improve productivity, competitiveness, and job creation. There is a need to hold down deficits, but there is also a need—and an opportunity unappreciated by most Democrats—to increase the size of the savings pool. Republican trickle-down economics (whether riding in a supply-side Trojan horse or flying its own tattered colors) seeks to increase the savings pool by lavishing tax breaks on the rich, on the theory that only they have the intelligence and discipline to invest rather than spend.

The opportunity for Democrats is to give citizens of all economic classes an incentive to save. One option is to do away with limits on Keogh and IRA accounts, allowing people to put as much money away as they can, to be taxed only when it is withdrawn for spending. Another option is to augment or partially replace the progressive income tax with a progressive consumption tax: the more one saved of what one earned, the less tax one would pay; and the more one spent, the higher one's taxes. An additional savings incentive would be elimination of consumer interest deductions and a cap on mortgage interest deductions. The point of such Democratic proposals would be to democratize America's most urgent economic business—restoring our productivity and our ability to provide modern jobs for our workers. The Democratic Party also should encourage devices for expanded profit- and power-sharing by American workers in their industries, to give them a stake in the success of the enterprises for which they work.

Where Ronald Reagan's political economics goes fundamentally wrong is in assuming that only the wealthy can make wise decisions, that only they should be entrusted with the power to decide how the resources of American society ought to be invested, and that making them wealthier still will automatically serve the general good. In these assumptions, ideological faith and pecuniary interest converge with each other, but not necessarily with the evidence of experience. It's clear that huge corporations, for example, don't necessarily take risks and expand production when their diet is fattened; some merely ooze out to merge expensively with others of their kind. American corporate managers have become accustomed to winning promotion and bonuses by maximizing short-term profits, not by inventing long-term growth strategies. Providing businessmen with greater tax breaks won't make them more productive.

Ronald Reagan's Administration has made a huge political blunder by not admitting its economic failings to the American people, and by getting caught at it. The magical aura that surrounded supply-side economics has been erased for good, but this does not necessarily mean that the Democratic Party automatically will profit. To do so, and to undo the injustices Mr. Reagan has wrought, the Democrats need a better economic program. And the best Democratic program always has been one that is democratic.

Notebook

☐ IT LOOKS AS IF "No Tipping" signs will soon have to be put up in the West Wing of the White House. Otherwise, Richard Allen is liable to turn up in the driveway, wearing a doorman's uniform and helping visitors out of their limousines with outstretched palm. Mr. Allen, the President's national security adviser, explained his pocketing of a thousand-dollar "gratuity" from a Japanese women's magazine by saying that he had not wished to give offense to Oriental customs. Allen-san knows how touchy these people are about losing face. But what about *our* customs? What about *his* face, now obscured by a self-administered custard pie? With the Nixon rehabilitation already well advanced, Mr. Allen now seems bent on bringing back Agnewism. Let's hope that the national security adviser shows better judgment when real American interests, not just fancied foreign folkways, are at stake.

☐ DAVID STOCKMAN'S INDISCRETIONS are nothing compared to the apostasy of B. T. Collins. Mr. Collins, a boisterous Republican who recently became Governor Jerry Brown's chief of staff, was asked by reporters on the day he started work how he felt about his new boss. "Sometimes I'd like to strangle him," Collins said. As a follow-up, Mr. Collins told Bella Stumbo of the *Los Angeles Times*: "The first thing I'm gonna do is get that guy [Governor Brown] to wash his hair." Mr. Collins added that Mr. Brown was boring, insensitive, and immature. Then, as if to prove that his hostility wasn't completely personal, he said Mr. Brown was a bad governor, too. "I can't believe some of the shit he'll say

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in front of people," Mr. Collins said. After the *Times* story appeared on November 1, Mr. Collins submitted his resignation. Mr. Brown refused to accept it. If Mr. Collins can outlast Mr. Stockman in office, it will prove that the Democrats remain the party of compassion.

□ WHEN THE PEOPLE at Amnesty International, U.S.A., were looking for a new executive director this past summer, whom did they chose to head up their search committee? A clergyman? Yes. Someone with extensive experience in human rights issues? Yes. Someone of unassailable objectivity? Well, two out of three ain't bad. The Reverend Dr. William Wipfler, who got the nod to lead the search, has indeed devoted much of his life to the battle against oppression and intolerance. As the National Council of Churches' mission director for Latin America and the Caribbean, Dr. Wipfler attacked the brutal policies of Latin American dictatorships. Good for him. But when it comes to "progressive" regimes, Dr. Wipfler's stern visage assumes a blander mien. When he and seven of his NCC colleagues visited Cuba in March 1977, they concluded that reports of human rights violations in Cuba had been "exaggerated." "There is considerable misinformation in the U.S. about human rights in Cuba," said Dr. Wipfler. What made him so sure? Well, he had talked to "many [Cuban] government officials and church leaders." For all this, Dr. Wipfler received the Letelier-Moffitt prize, which the Institute for Policy Studies, the "progressive" think tank, annually awards to "those worthy individuals . . . dedicated to the struggle for human rights in the U.S. and the third world." Like Dr. Wipfler, IPS tends to overlook the fact that there is also a struggle for human rights in the second, or Soviet, world (of which Cuba, despite its pretensions, is a part). Amnesty knows better. So Dr. Wipfler deserves to receive the prize, but not to have a hand in charting Amnesty's future.

On The Hill

Kangaroo Congress

THE NATIONAL Cattlemen's Association recently pulled off a clever legislative maneuver: it clothed itself in a kangaroo suit and hopped away with both Houses of Congress in its pouch. Like any sensible businessmen, U.S. cattle growers are always on the lookout for opportunities to knock foreign competitors and score a quick windfall profit. They found a made-to-order opening in the happy confluence of an Australian meat scandal and the current interminable and impenetrable congressional debate on the new farm bill.

The Australian scandal was a classic media shocker. It began last August, when American inspectors discovered horse meat in a shipment of Australian beef sent to a California packer who prepared hamburger for a U.S. fast-food chain. Back in the Antipodes, local inspectors then discovered both horse and kangaroo meat in cartons of "beef" destined for shipment to the U.S. by a Melbourne meat-packer. Newspaper reports linked at least one food poisoning fatality in Australia to a suspect Melbourne salami. The public health controversy also took on political overtones. The Australian government minister in charge of meat exports was named Nixon. He was accused of knowing about the kangaroo meat substitutions for months and doing nothing about them. Opposition members of Parliament nicknamed the scandal "Slaughtergate." A royal commission was set up to investigate the affair.

The implications of this scandal for American hamburger eaters were not lost on Senator John Melcher, Democrat of Montana. "How many members of the Senate would like a kangaroo hamburger for dinner tonight?" he asked a nearly deserted chamber during a somnolent moment of the farm bill debate on September 17. He proposed a counterforce to the kangaroo threat: a modest farm bill amendment to "tighten up the inspection processes that we have on foreign meat." For starters, he said, his amendment "would require that species verification be required." For good measure, Melcher said, the amendment would add an extra dollop of protection: it would "tighten up the procedures to identify harmful residues of animal drugs or medicated feeds which might be banned in this country but nevertheless are used in other countries and leave a harmful residue in the meat."

Senator Lloyd Bentsen, the only other titan of consumerism to rise in support of Melcher's proposal, declared, "I hope that this bill will be recognized for what it is. Why should years of effort on the part of American ranchers be wiped out by a small group of criminals in a foreign country?" Without a word of dissent, the Senate nodded through Senator Melcher's amendment. But there was consternation in the Reagan Administration, and among American meat-packers and some foreign diplomats in Washington, when the *Congressional Record* disclosed the details of the resolution which the Senate had unanimously endorsed: henceforth the United States would forbid the importation of any foreign meat produced with the use of chemicals or drugs "not approved" for the same use in the U.S.

To the casual observer, passing a bill to ban foreign-produced meat exposed to chemicals "not approved" in the U.S. might seem simply an odd method of protecting American hamburger fans from kangaroo meat being passed off as beef. But to unhappy members of the food industry, the implications are more wide-ranging. They see the Senate's passage of the Melcher amendment as a significant victory for American cattle

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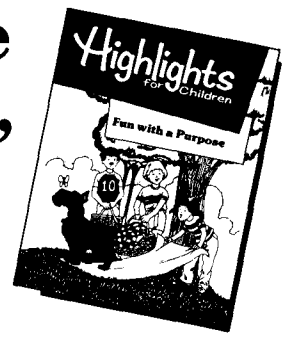

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growers, who have waged a long-term legislative guerrilla campaign to turn federal safety regulations to their financial advantage. When the Federal Meat Inspection Act went before the House in 1967, the National Cattlemen's Association, the biggest U.S. cattle farmers' lobby, vehemently objected. (Tougher inspections would make it harder to unload sick cows.) But faced with continuing horror stories about crooked packers peddling diseased meat, a reluctant Congress eventually approved tougher regulations. After a suitable interval, cattle-state congressmen began submitting bills calling for more stringent safety regulations—specifically for foreign meat, which is price competitive with meat produced in the U.S. The language which made its way into the final Senate version of the Melcher amendment was heavily influenced by the National Cattlemen's Association.

CURRENT law gives the Agriculture Secretary the power to halt imports of foreign meat found upon inspection to be diseased or adulterated with dangerous chemicals. But the Melcher amendment was written so as to force the Secretary to stop not only imports of meat proved by testing to be dangerously tainted, but also meat that comes from animals raised using chemicals not needed (and thus not approved for use) by U.S. cattle farmers (and, like sheep-dips, not always fed to animals). In fact, the U.S. Agriculture Department says most foreign meat producers, for reasons of local climate or sanitation conditions, *do* treat their animals with chemicals not approved for the same use in the U.S., much as the U.S. treats some of its agricultural produce—citrus fruit, for example—with chemicals not approved for local use by foreign countries that allow imports of American fruit. When an earlier version of the Melcher amendment came before the House Agriculture Committee in 1980, the Carter Administration spokesman, Carol Foreman, a noted consumer advocate, urged the bill's defeat. She said it could raise prices for U.S. consumers while creating an unfair trade barrier for foreign companies seeking to sell to the U.S. market. There was no foreign meat scandal at the time to panic Congress, and the bill failed.

The kangaroo brouhaha, coupled with the Reagan Administration's initially lackadaisical attitude to the Melcher amendment, however, changed the bill's outlook this year. Though the new Administration was as opposed to the Melcher amendment as the Carter Administration had been, it failed to extract a compromise from Melcher before he introduced the bill on the Senate floor. The Reaganites also evidently neglected to ask at least one free-trade senator to hang around the Senate floor and inspect Melcher's handiwork before it was approved.

Under pressure from distressed diplomats for meat exporting nations and from domestic meat-packers who buy imported meat, the Reagan Administration finally began a concerted lobbying campaign to try to block the Melcher amendment's passage through the House. Deputy Agriculture Secretary Richard Lyng, in a letter to Kika de la Garza, chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, darkly warned that if the Melcher amendment became law, it "would virtually eliminate all meat imports." Lobbyists for the U.S. meat-packing industry offered compelling details of what this, in turn, could mean for American consumers. They noted that international trade agreements already restrict U.S. imports of meat to low-grade cuts suitable mainly for hamburger, sausages, and soups, with imports providing between six and ten percent of the entire U.S. beef supply. The packers added that if this quantity of meat suddenly were to evaporate, American packers would have to buy higher-grade U.S. cattle, and retail prices of processed meat products and hamburger could then go up 25 cents per pound or more.

BURT ELLER, chief Washington lobbyist for the National Cattlemen's Association, was unruffled by these arguments. He admitted to me that his organization "helped write" the Melcher amendment. But Eller was willing to concede the language of the Senate-approved bill was perhaps "somewhat stronger than we can justify." By the time the issue came up in the House, the cattlemen's proxy there, Representative Glenn English, Democrat of Oklahoma, had rewritten the bill to ban only meat imports produced from animals exposed to chemicals officially banned in the U.S. English also agreed to include a provision empowering the President to waive the new meat-import safety rules if he believed the controls would provoke foreign governments to retaliate by imposing their own new safety controls on U.S. agricultural exports.

Tom Cook, another Cattlemen's Association lobbyist, offered assurances that these concessions made the English amendment "much softer" than the Melcher amendment. In addition, the bill received a last-minute expression of support from three consumer groups, including Ralph Nader's Congress Watch, which seem to have a blind spot for protectionism. The amendment passed in the House by a vote of 223 to 162. But the Agriculture Department continues to lodge strong objections to the English amendment, arguing that it could eliminate such popular and nonlethal U.S. imports as Canadian bacon. Administration officials say the presidential waiver provision is so ambiguously

COMING

Charles Krauthammer on the Ethics of Human Experimentation.

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worded that imports could be held up long enough to disrupt the U.S. meat market (and earn U.S. cattle growers at least a modest windfall profit).

As this article was going to press, the Melcher and English amendments were being discussed in the House-Senate farm bill conference committee. Senator Melcher had inexplicably withdrawn support from his own amendment, but Representative English was standing fast by the cattle lobbyists, and it appeared that the Administration would not succeed in entirely eliminating some version of the Melcher bill. But whoever wins in the end, cattlemen and kangaroos already have shown they can make monkeys of the U.S. Congress and the consumer movement without really trying.

MARK HOSENBALL

Mark Hosenball is a Washington reporter for Fairchild Publications.

The end of a nuclear empire.

ADMIRAL RICKOVER (RET.)

"IT'S NOT OVER yet," Admiral Hyman Rickover said defiantly after he had been ordered by his Commander-in-Chief, Ronald Reagan, to quit his job as head of the nuclear Navy. "I have friends on the Hill." Indeed, the 81-year-old admiral's grip on his job has been such that it will surprise no one if, in the end, he has to be forcibly removed from his office by a squad of Marines. Three of the seven Presidents he has served under, including his acolyte, Jimmy Carter, have wanted him out. If Reagan succeeds where the others failed—and it seems clear that he will—he will close one of the most extraordinary military and civilian empires ever run by a serving officer in peacetime.

It's easy to see why Rickover doesn't want to leave. In the 40-year history of atomic energy, few, if any, have exploited the magic of the atom so successfully for personal aggrandizement. Rickover became to American nuclear power what J. Edgar Hoover was to law enforcement, yet unlike the gruff FBI director, Rickover, a slip of a man with a wispy frame and a sparrowlike face, seemed wholly unsuited to the role of caudillo. He had always gotten bad marks for military bearing at the U.S. Naval Academy; in the beginning there seemed no way the Polish-Jewish tailor's son from Chicago was going to make it to the top in that great WASP stronghold, the U.S. Navy. His only hope was to gain expertise—preferably the kind that few could obtain. Nuclear power was the answer.

One of the few Navy officers chosen to do atomic work after World War II, Rickover soon maneuvered himself, mostly by working harder than anyone else, into an extraordinary bureaucratic position as chief architect of the nuclear Navy and head of the Navy reactors branch of the Atomic Energy Commission—the office that oversaw the development of the nuclear Navy. In effect, he ordered himself to build nuclear submarines. He created an elite work force of followers whose loyalty he ensured by bullying. He made them feel guilty if they did not work as hard as he did—and most of them did not—and he made them feel inferior because of their lack of expertise about the atom. If he had behaved like that as a captain of a ship, the crew would have mutinied. But Rickover was ashore.

AMID ALL the fancy talk of the early 1950s about electricity too cheap to meter, Captain Rickover, a hard-headed, practical engineer, believed nuclear power could give the Navy a new role which could rival air power as the country's dominant strategic force. He became the primary advocate of the light-water reactor, the type that would become the most popular in the world. He built the first such reactor for the first atomic submarine, the *Nautilus*, launched in 1954. He built the second for the first U.S. nuclear power station, which opened at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, in 1957.

By the early 1960s Rickover was one of the most powerful wheeler-dealers in the military-industrial complex. He awarded military contracts worth millions of dollars to billion-dollar corporations like Westinghouse and General Electric. By his selection of Westinghouse over G.E. to build the first submarine reactor, Rickover was actually dictating the course of corporate nuclear development. Many of his fellow officers thought his project was doomed, and Rickover cultivated the image of the underdog who was continually harassed, even persecuted. He deliberately ran a no-frills show in his shabby headquarters on the top floor of a temporary wartime structure on Washington's Constitution Avenue. He got the job done by ignoring rules and regulations, by going over the heads of his superiors and behind the backs of his equals. "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points even if it bisects six admirals," was one of his favorite epigrams. A master at bureaucratic politics, he used every subtle nuance of institutional lines of authority, every bifurcation of an organization chart, every ambiguity in terms of reference, every overlap in jurisdiction. He insulated his own empire with all the skill and eye for detail of one designing a complex diagram of electrical circuitry.

Nevertheless, Rickover's career seemed to be a continuous struggle against some inner self-doubt, at least in the early years. He insisted, for example, on personally interviewing each applicant for a job directly under him and, later, also those who wanted to join

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this growing fleet of nuclear submarines. He began each interview with a remark aimed to intimidate. "Everyone who interviewed you tells me you are extremely conservative and have no initiative or imagination." Each applicant experienced the lash of his irascible tongue. "You're either dumb or lazy; which is it?" Admiral Elmo Zumwalt recalled his interview with Rickover thus:

RICKOVER: Are you resourceful?
ZUMWALT: Yes, sir.
R: Suppose you're on a sinking ship with five other men. The conditions are that one and only one of you can be saved. Are you resourceful enough to talk the other five into letting you be the one?
Z: Um, yes, sir.
R: All right, son, start talking.

Rickover never encouraged writers or interviewers when they sought to fill out the picture of his background. He spoke a little about how hard his father worked; he never spoke about his mother at all. "Forget the personal stuff," he would say; "the real issue is what a man accomplishes." But within the authorized snippets of family background, there are signs of a harsh, disciplined, unsupportive family. There are no signs of parents who sacrificed everything for the welfare and, especially, for the education of their children. Rickover was permitted to attend high school, but had to work, first as a delivery boy, then as a Western Union messenger, giving all his earnings to his father. A small, frail, and sickly child, he quickly tired under the pressure of work and was an indifferent student who had few friends.

WHEN RICKOVER graduated from high school, his local congressmen provided him with an escape route, arranging for him to sit for the entrance examinations to the United States Naval Academy. He was accepted. Again, he proved an indifferent student, his scholarly results further depressed by the poor marks for military bearing. Graduating in 1922, Rickover saw what was in store for him. That year's number-two graduate, who had been in a neck-and-neck race for the top position, was a recluse like himself, a swot, a grind—in midshipman's parlance, a "cutthroat." The class of '22 purposely obliterated all mention of this man from the yearbook—the kind of public degradation for which Rickover would always be on the alert. The fact that the "cutthroat" was also Jewish was not lost on the less illustrious Rickover, who did not make the top 100 of his class.

For almost 20 years he pursued a humdrum Navy career. He served on various types of ships, qualified for submarine duty—apparently because promotions were quicker in that service—and, in 1937, finally achieved his first command. After that, he applied only for engineering duty; perhaps the seclusion of a mechanical world appealed to the loner. Then came the chance to build the first nuclear submarine.

Rickover's success lay in his compulsive pursuit of technical excellence: nuclear engineering did not allow for the margin of error often acceptable in conventional projects. "Millionths of an inch exist only in the mind," one of Rickover's rattled private contractors complained. Likewise the self-imposed deadline, unrelated to any technical or strategic need, was a means of instituting order, ensuring urgency and determination, a measurable touchstone of achievement. Rickover set his own priorities and his own timetable.

INITIALLY THERE was some caution at the AEC about allowing Rickover such power. Then, in the summer of 1949, the Russians exploded their first atomic bomb. From that point on Captain Rickover got everything he wanted from the Navy—except promotion. In mid-1952, he had to face the ignominy of being passed over a second time for promotion from captain to rear admiral. Under Navy rules Rickover had to retire the following year. He had been turned down because he was not a good military man. He was a problem to his superiors; he could lead but he could not follow. He was a self-conscious black sheep, reveling in his lack of orthodoxy; worse, he was a specialist in a world that had always placed emphasis on ability to perform general tasks. His respect for tangible achievement had always been matched by total scorn for the illusions of status and sociability. He ignored—indeed, defied—protocol, and showed no respect for tradition, rank, procedures, or "official channels."

In recent years Rickover has taken to "ticking off" highly placed officials who, he felt, were not working as hard as he was. A member of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, Victor Gilinsky, went on a tour of naval facilities with Rickover, and called him later to thank him. "I told him how fantastic all this was, a tribute to his genius, and he said, 'Cut the crap, Gilinsky. How are you going to use what you learned?' So I said, 'I'll have to think how this applies [to the commission].' He said, 'Think, think, think, that's all you guys do; when are you going to get off your ass and do something?' "

Rickover's career has been studded with personality clashes; he has left in his turbulent wake an array of personal animosities. Clinton Anderson, a powerful congressman from New Mexico who was a member of the now defunct Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, recalled an exchange between two top Navy men at a dinner party: one said, "That Jew bastard will never get to be an admiral," and the other nodded. As Rickover once told a congressional inquiry, "This business of being on the team is not all it's cracked up to be."

Rickover refused to retire, and turned to Congress for support. It came with a speed that only the magical, separate world of atomic energy could have summoned. All members of the joint committee rallied behind the 52-year-old captain. He was their kind of man; he shared their atomic zeal and he got things

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done. The central role in obtaining Rickover's promotion was played by Senator Henry Jackson. Rickover poured his heart out to Jackson, and Jackson arranged for the Senate Armed Services Committee to hold up ratification of all other naval promotions, usually rubber-stamped, until something was done about Rickover. The Navy swiftly gave in; Rickover became rear admiral. From then on all future extensions of his tour of duty would pass without problem. When Carter, in 1979, suggested he retire at the end of 1980, Rickover said he would much rather go immediately. So Carter gave him another two years. He was all right until Ronald Reagan came along.

PETER PRINGLE

Peter Pringle is co-author, with James Spigelman, of a recently published history of atomic energy, *The Nuclear Barons* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). He is Washington correspondent for the London *Observer*.

Myths of innocence and guilt.

THE FALL OF THE AMERICAN ADAM

BY C. VANN WOODWARD

I AM writing primarily of the present, but of attitudes toward the American past in the present and of how these attitudes have undergone some significant changes. I am particularly concerned with the relatively recent inversion of traditional myths and especially the shift from collective innocence toward collective guilt. For perspective on the extent of change and its relative recency we do not have to go back very far.

It was only 30 years ago that Samuel Eliot Morison could remark that the prevailing view of Americans toward their national past was "a friendly, almost affectionate attitude," and proclaim the existence of a "seller's market in early Americana," benignly and traditionally conceived. More recently the late Arthur M. Schlesinger wrote of "the special joy of discovery and understanding how one's own people have reached their present condition; why . . . we have come to behave like Americans," and have "held up a lamp to Europe and, more recently, to Asia and Africa." Writing of the American record of leadership in Western civilization during the two world wars and the cold war, Allan Nevins could say, "It stands invested with all the radiance of the Periclean era, the Elizabethan era, and the era of Pitt and the long struggle against Napoleon." Toward the close of his book of memoirs, Dexter Perkins wrote in 1969, "I end this chapter with a paeon of praise to American democracy" and its citizens. "In their capacity for self-government, for the successful operation of one of the most difficult enterprises in the history of man, they can be proud of their past and hopeful of their future."

Samuel Flagg Bemis was somewhat more restrained about the present century, but for what he called "the great and happy success" of the 19th century, words all but failed him: "Oh, wondrous century, so fortuitously fortunate for our nation! Oh, happy, golden, bygone years of safety, in lucky innocence, apart from the world around us!" The Union had to be preserved at a cost, to be sure, but to my old colleague Professor Bemis, "the greatest achievement of American nationality was expansion of the nation across the empty continent to the shores of the 'other ocean.' It established the territorial basis of the United States as a world power and a bastion of freedom today . . . expansively perfected by peaceful diplomacy between 1783 and 1867"—one great succession of peaceful real estate transactions—save for the Mexican lapse.

I do not cite these professions of faith and pride in the national past to illustrate or characterize the views of the historians. I quote them, of course, out of context. Each of them was capable of more sophisticated views of the past and the present, and we are indebted to all of them for critical assessments and interpretations of the aspects of American history in which they specialized. The more remarkable then, that all of them should have given voice to the myth of innocence of the American past. It would be possible to adduce other voices in support of the myth, but few more faithful to the tradition that extends back to George

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Bancroft and far beyond to the first chroniclers.

It was the virtues of the past the historians were praising, but the character of the modern period during which they voiced their pride in the past is worth recalling. That was a period of unprecedented American power, wealth, and prestige, a period of Pax Americana in which monopoly or predominant command of the ultimate weapon seemed for a while secure. The United States in the 1950s was at once the policeman of the world and the self-acclaimed model for revolutions of liberation. Influential books of the time bore such titles as *People of Plenty* and *The Affluent Society*. We were the *Redeemer Nation*, a country with a divinely assigned errand, a world mission. Americans commonly assumed their country to be the envy of all nations, and called it "the Galahad among nations."

Friendly critics there were, even then, to remind us of the moral risks of combining pretensions of innocency with unprecedented power and wealth. Reinhold Niebuhr warned of "ironic perils which compound the experiences of Babylon and Israel." Others spoke of "The Illusion of American Omnipotence" and of "The Arrogance of Power." They cautioned that the legend of American invincibility did not guarantee that all wars ended in victory, and that great power could not be wielded without incurring guilt. These admonitions may have had some impact on policy. But with a few exceptions the legend of an essentially innocent past held intact. Exceptions will be noted later. The remarkable thing is the degree to which the myth of Adamic innocency held together until it was in danger of being overwhelmed by a spreading conviction of national guilt.

COLLECTIVE GUILT has not enjoyed the long growing season or the fertile seedbed of tradition from which the myth of national innocence has perennially sprung. It has nevertheless struck roots and flourished of late in a climate that seems specially suited to it. And it has been nourished by a public that evidently feels a need for its fruits. A seller's market for guilt now exists, only whetted, not satiated in the 1960s. Though the demand may be inspired by recent events, the bargains in guilt are to be found mainly in the past. Ancestral atrocities and injustices, historic evils and inhumanities, and the brutalities and cruelties of past centuries can be acknowledged without assuming corresponding burdens of expiation. Ancient evils can thus be deplored and lamented, and pretensions of innocence scorned. But the grievances are antique and their perpetrators long gone. The guilt thus acknowledged can hardly be called redhanded.

The appreciating supply of historic guilt for the new market results not so much from revision of history or from new historic evidence as from the transposition of symbols and the inversion of myths. The new image of the past sometimes replaces the ethnocentrism of the mythmakers with that of its victims. Thus "discovery" of the New World becomes "invasion" thereof; "settlement" becomes "conquest," and Europeans the "savages." The "Virgin Land" becomes the "Widowed Land," the "howling wilderness" a desecrated Indian "hunting park." The "Garden of the World" becomes a "Waste Land," ravaged home of exterminated or endangered species. Professor Bemis's "empty continent" teems with outraged and betrayed First Americans. The advancement of the Western frontier is sometimes pictured as a species of genocide, wave on wave of holocausts. One symbol that has been proposed to stand for the West so won is "A Pyramid of Skulls," Tartar model.

ONE OF THE ironies of the story is that the major burden of historic guilt was incurred in the age of innocence. Instead of ignoring the crimes, however, Americans of the earlier era often attacked and exposed them—not usually as collective guilt, but as the transgressions of individuals, groups, classes, sections—evils and injustices that threatened innocence and were to be corrected, punished, reformed, abolished. Slavery was the crime of Southern slaveholders, injustice to Indians the fault of frontiersmen or their agents and influence. And so, with whatever justice or accuracy, specific evils were assigned to culprits such as Indian-haters, lords of the lash, lords of the loom, political bosses, big business, jingoes, "merchants of death," and "economic royalists." Guilt was something to be redressed, and its exposers looked to the future for expiation. The American jeremiad, as Sacvan Berkovitch tells us, both laments an apostasy and heralds a restoration.

The new guilt is different. It is something congenital, inherent, intrinsic, collective, something possibly inexpiable, and probably ineradicable. The first English settlers, south as well as north, arrived with it in their hearts, and they never should have come in the first place. Invasion was their initial offense. The pattern of collective rapacity and inhuman cruelty to darker peoples that characterized their westward conquests to the Pacific shores and on across the ocean ever westward through Asia is seen as existing from the very outset. From this point of view the line of precedents stretched from the slaughter of braves in the Pequot War of 1637 on for three centuries and more to Lieutenant Calley at My Lai, with little more than changes in the technology of annihilation. Thus intepreted, American history becomes primarily a history of oppression, and the focus is upon the oppressed. The latter vary in color or identity as the center of interest shifts from one of these groups to another. The most conspicuous among them of late have been the Afro-Americans, though popular concern with their grievances has not been unwavering and they have had to share attention from time to time with other groups.

The primary objective in all this would not seem to be so much the exposure of evil or the identification of

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transgressors as it is an oblique exercise in the analysis of national character. And yet "national" seems too comprehensive a word to be employed in its customary sense in this connection, for the characterizations are racially assigned or circumscribed, even though directed at the dominant or majority group. A favored characterization, often quoted and sometimes misused, is a famous definition of "the myth of the essential white America" by D. H. Lawrence, published in 1923. "The essential American soul," he writes, "is hard, isolate, stoic, and a killer. It has never yet melted. . . . This is the very intrinsic-most American. He is at the core of all the other flux and fluff"—such as love and democracy and equality.

The exercise of defining national (or racial) character in terms of guilt attributes takes on some peculiar traits in the American instance. It might be called, in a sense, unilateral. In most instances, that is, the guilt is to all appearances unshared, the offenses incurring it unprovoked, unique, and confined to the dominant group. If other nations have perpetrated comparable or worse offenses against *their* native population, black slaves and freedmen, racial minorities, neighboring countries, or remote Asian or African cultures, the opportunities for perspective by comparing the magnitude of the offenses and the number of casualties are passed over. Those American offenses that were confined to intraracial conflict also go unremarked. That more American casualties were sustained in one battle of the Civil War than in all previous American wars, or that more Americans lost their lives in that war than in all subsequent wars of the nation goes unnoticed. Similar indifference in the national guilt market greets historic atrocities of one minority race against another.

Rejection of collective innocence and embracing of collective guilt have not invariably dispelled national myths that accompanied or sustained the myth of innocence. Inverting myths may be a way of preserving them. The quest for guilt continues to seek new and far-flung frontiers. When things go wrong in the third world—and sometimes even in the second—we are now taught to look inward for the cause. This teaching recalls by contrast the recent time when we were taught that America "held up a lamp" of hope to Asia and Africa. What has remained, if somewhat altered in the process, is the illusion of American omnipotence and moral responsibility and the cosmic self-centeredness of the national world view. "America," says a generally friendly Italian critic of ours, "is alone in the world."

AMERICANS evidently have some special problems of a self-destructive nature in dealing with national guilt. If so, it is for no lack of guilt in the national and pre-national experience. The conquest of a continent, the dispossession and subjection of its natives, the exploitation of imported African slaves, the imposition of our will on other races and nations abroad, and the establishment of a brief Pax Americana by the world's most powerful nation are not exploits brought off without the incurring of guilt—impressive amounts of it. No intelligent citizen can have escaped awareness of this at some time. Still draped in legends of national infancy, myths of innocence, success, invincibility, and righteousness, however, we were caught short a decade or more ago at the climax of our mythic national pretensions and exposed in deeds and failures that mocked all the old myths. It was then that the obsession with guilt took hold. Other nations with bloodier disgraces on their heads—Germany and her death camps; France and her Vichy and her Algeria; Japan and her imperial conquests; not to mention Russia and China with their multimillions of domestic victims—all seemed to manage recovery without excesses of self-detestation or self-revilement.

It is a Freudian truism I will not presume to attest that the problem of guilt is as much within the heart as within the act. Guilt looks inward. Psychoanalysts suggest that when a person inflicts punishment on himself, he should engage in historical recollection or exploration of the past to bring to consciousness and acceptance the cause of the guilt feelings. Presumably the same could be said of societies. We are also told on good authority that no one develops a sense of guilt without a punitive parent image—real or projectively imagined. We are guilty because we have not lived up to high standards represented by our parents. Or so we are told.

THE CURIOUS thing about the American experiments in self therapy through the discovery and proclaiming of historic guilt is that it is the punitive progenitors themselves, the founding fathers and founding mothers, who have come to be regarded as the guilty parties—or at least the original sinners. As such they make rather poor punitive parent images, and provide their progeny with more escape from guilt than acceptance of it. When it is recent rather than historic transgression, the accusers conceive of it as the guilt of all. It is collective guilt. "When all are guilty no one is," wrote Hannah Arendt; "confessions of collective guilt are the best possible safeguards against the discovery of culprits, and the very magnitude of the crime the best excuse for doing nothing."

Neither the old myth of innocence nor the self-therapy of historic or collective guilt has proved to be of much help to Americans with their problems. The sudden shift from the one extreme to the other may well portend a reaction in the opposite direction—and there are already some ominous signs of such a reaction. The incumbent President and the opinion polls assure us that Americans have made a sudden recovery from their malaise, restored their self-esteem and self-confidence, and now face the future and a skeptical world with old-time assurance. An aggressive foreign policy and bold commitments around the world

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indicate that changes have indeed taken place—whether the result of restored confidence or not. They suggest that the national conscience is preparing to take on new and unpredictable burdens.

If this means a swing back to the old myths, a return to fatuous complaceny and self-righteousness, it is not likely to produce a salutary balance in the American conscience. It might even contrive a spurious absolution of the very real guilt that so recently precipitated the obsession, and cover with a mantle of counterfeit innocence the perpetrators themselves. That would be an ironic outcome, indeed.

Both the old myth of innocence and the obsession with its opposite would nevertheless seem destined to abide with us. They are deeply embedded in our tradition and in our literature. Perhaps the most profound and, to me, the most moving treatment of them in American letters is that of Robert Penn Warren in *Brother to Dragons*. You may recall that the subject of the dramatic dialogue of this book is the inhuman murder of a slave committed by two of Thomas Jefferson's nephews at their home in Jefferson's golden land of hope, the West. The crime is a matter of historical record. "Historical sense and poetic sense," writes Warren in his foreword to the poem, "should not, in the end, be contradictory, for if poetry is the little myth we make, history is the big myth we live, and in our living, constantly remake." In his extensively revised edition of *Brother to Dragons* in 1979, the author has Lucy, the sister of Thomas Jefferson and mother of his criminal nephews, say to Jefferson: "Dear Brother, the burden of innocence is heavier than the burden of guilt." But the poet goes on to make it evident that the latter burden is by no means a light one, for all that.

The nuns' families and their frustrating quest for justice.

SALVADORAN RUNAROUND

BY STEPHANIE HARRINGTON

ON SEPTEMBER 30, at the home of Archbishop James Hickey of Washington, the President of El Salvador—the country where six national guardsmen are being held on suspicion of torturing, raping, and murdering three American nuns and a young lay missioner—had an emotional meeting with the families of the four women. The families had come to the meeting to ask for help; they found themselves being asked for it instead. President José Napoleón Duarte told them that on his first day in Washington he had asked Ronald Reagan to grant him further technical assistance from the FBI, which last spring performed the fingerprint and ballistics analyses that linked two of the suspects to the killings. He had not received an answer, and he appealed to the families to press their President to accede. The families, in their turn, after nearly a year of vague, incomplete, and sometimes misleading information from their own government about the murder investigation, appealed to Mr. Duarte for answers. They learned, as they expected, little more than they already knew.

What these solid, middle-class Americans did get, from a man whose ruling military partners may well turn out to bear responsibility for the killings, was an expression of compassion that left some of them in tears, so starkly did it contrast with the response, or lack of it, from officials of their own government. Secretary of State Alexander Haig had speculated that the deaths resulted from "an exchange of fire" when the women ran a roadblock—a theory that failed to explain how the guardsmen could have found time to rape the women between seeing them approach the roadblock and shooting them. U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick had explained the deaths by observing, without offering evidence, that "the nuns were not just nuns" but "political activists on behalf of the Frente." (Mrs. Kirkpatrick later noted that on the night of the killings, the two Maryknoll nuns, Ita Ford and Maura Clarke, had been on their way back from Nicaragua, neglecting to add that nearly every Maryknoll in Central America had also been there for the order's regional meeting.) It was left for the President of El Salvador to tell the bereaved families that the women were martyrs, that they were serving the poor, and that they should be called saints.

For the Reagan Administration, which views El Salvador's military-dominated junta as the only alternative to a Soviet-sponsored takeover, the persistence of these four families is an inconvenience that interferes with the achievement of a larger goal—much as the

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acquittal of Breaker Morant would have been an inconvenience for a British government determined to come to terms with the Boers. The Administration's first major foreign policy initiative was its unequivocal commitment to the Salvadoran junta, and one of its early steps in carrying out that commitment was to "de-link" U.S. aid to the junta from progress in investigating the nuns' deaths. So it's not surprising that Mr. Reagan has declined to draw attention to the problem by meeting with the women's families.

FOR Mr. Duarte, however, meeting with the families was as advantageous as it would have been embarrassing for Mr. Reagan. Assuming that Mr. Duarte is sincere, further help from the FBI would be useful to him—not only because it would make up for skills that his own police force lacks, but also because it would be a political signal that the U.S. government wants justice to be done, a signal that would help him overcome the probable resistance of his ruling partners in the military. In any case, Mr. Duarte's visit with the families gave him an opportunity to try to pacify the American public and the Catholic hierarchy by presenting himself as a compassionate man, committed to justice.

Mr. Duarte has now sent them a statement of Salvadoran law governing murder prosecutions of military personnel, as the families requested at the meeting. But William Ford, Ita Ford's brother and a Wall Street trial lawyer, calls the document "absolute gibberish." (Representative Mary Rose Oakar of Ohio, a friend of one of the dead women, has enlisted specialists in Central American law to clarify Mr. Duarte's clarification.) A status report on the murder investigation, also requested by the families, was presented last week to Representative Oakar by visiting Salvadoran Defense Minister José Guillermo García. However, according to Representative Oakar, most of it consists of newspaper clippings and an extra copy of Mr. Duarte's explanation of Salvadoran law. The actual report, Representative Oakar says, has pages missing, covers events only through last February, and does not relate the evidence cited to the suspects in custody.

The families have not fared much better with their own government. According to Michael Donovan, brother of Jean Donovan, the slain lay missioner, what information they have gotten has come first from the Catholic Church or the media rather than from the State Department. After a call for help from Mr. Donovan, an official of the State Department's Citizens Emergency Center did persuade the Salvadoran government to stop interfering with the return of the bodies of Jean Donovan and Dorothy Kazel to this country. This official also told him that the State Department would be sending him a bill for $2,500 or more for its services, but this idea was dropped after the intervention of an outraged Congressman, Benjamin Gilman, Republican of New York.

The Carter Administration, which had suspended military and economic aid to the junta right after the killings, resumed economic aid two weeks later, on December 17. Five days after that, members of the slain women's families and representatives of their religious congregations had an inconclusive meeting with Edmund Muskie, then Secretary of State, William Bowdler, then Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, and William Rogers, Mr. Bowdler's predecessor in the Ford Administration. Mr. Bowdler and Mr. Rogers were two of the three members of a special mission President Carter had sent to El Salvador to look into the murders and review the junta's investigation of them. The relatives and colleagues were left with the impression that the investigation was barely limping along—an impression confirmed in February by President Carter's Ambassador to El Salvador, Robert White. Mr. White told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that when aid was suspended after the murders, "the agreement was that we should wait a month and then decide whether a serious investigation was under way or not. During that time our reporting from the embassy consistently showed that . . . there was no serious investigation under way. . . . I know of no evidence to say that that situation has changed."

The Carter Administration had claimed that the restoration of economic aid was justified because the Bowdler mission had found no hard evidence linking Salvadoran officials to the killings, because the Salvadoran government had been reorganized (a move that was supposed to shift power from the military to Duarte), and because, in the State Department's words, "the Salvadoran government's approach to the investigation of the deaths of the four Americans" had "clarified the situation." It now seems clear that the resumption of economic aid had little to do with the conduct of the inquiry and much to do with a concern that food shortages and a weakened economy in El Salvador were reducing Mr. Duarte's position from shaky to untenable.

BY JANUARY 14, when military aid to the junta was resumed, the Salvadorans had not even begun autopsies on the two nuns buried there. The families accused the U.S. government of betraying a pledge not to restore aid until a complete investigation of the murders had been made. On January 21, Ambassador White told the *New York Times* that it was not progress in the investigation but the guerrillas' January offensive that had prompted the decision. "As far as I am concerned," he said, "there is no reason to believe that the government of El Salvador is conducting a serious investigation."

During the first two months of the Reagan Administration, there was virtually no communication between the government and the families. But on March 19, after the intercession of Senator Edward Kennedy,

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they met with then Deputy Assistant Secretary of State James Cheek and a phalanx of State Department staff members. Mr. Cheek conceded that the government had no evidence that the four churchwomen were political activists, as Ambassador Kirkpatrick had claimed; and an FBI agent present remarked that the evidence he had seen would tend to refute Secretary Haig's roadblock theory. William Ford and Michael Donovan felt that their sisters' names had been smeared, and they demanded an apology. Instead, Mr. Ford got a letter from a State Department official confirming that there was no evidence that the women were political activists and saying that Mr. Haig's congressional testimony about the roadblock theory had been misinterpreted. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in a letter to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, softened her comments about the nuns by broadening her definition of political activists to include the late Archbishop of San Salvador, Oscar Arnulfo Romero, whose commitment to the poor had drawn the four women to serve in his archdiocese, and who was assassinated in March 1980 by right-wing terrorists. But Mrs. Kirkpatrick also avoided apologizing to Mr. Ford and Mr. Donovan, sending them instead a brief letter summarizing the Administration's view of the situation in El Salvador and thanking them for sharing their thoughts with her "on this vital issue."

WHEN THE arrest of the six members of the Salvadoran National Guard was announced on May 9, it was Representative Oakar's office, not the State Department, which initiated the meeting with President Duarte. In the course of their ordeal, the families have been told by the State Department to call different people at different times, and many of their calls have gone unanswered. At present, they say, they have no designated line of communication with the State Department. They have been told that if they want to contact the present U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador, Deane Hinton, they should address letters to an Army post office box in Miami for forwarding. Their line of communication to Mr. Duarte is through Representative Oakar and the Salvadoran Ambassador in Washington.

Lines of communication, however, do not guarantee communication. The information the families have received from El Salvador since their meeting with Mr. Duarte does not explain why, despite ballistics and fingerprint analyses furnished by the FBI and evidence linking the suspects to the place and time the women were last seen, the six men arrested last April have not yet been prosecuted. Salvadoran authorities claim there is not enough evidence to indict them. Ambassador White is among those who believe that it is not evidence but the intention to pursue and to act upon it that is lacking.

The families have been unable to trace the chain of command under which the six suspects functioned. They stressed to Mr. Duarte their concern that the investigation thus far had focused on six low-level guardsmen, and it was their impression that Ambassador Hinton, who also was at the meeting, was resistant to the idea that complicity could extend beyond the six in custody. (Apparently stung by the families' observations to the press, Mr. Hinton, through a State Department press release, later denied saying the investigation should be limited to the six.)

One piece of evidence suggesting that the killings were a planned operation involving more than one unit, and therefore coordinated by superior officers, was a report to Ambassador White by a Christian Democrat in the Salvadoran government of a communication—Mr. White is not sure whether it was telephoned or radioed—between two security force units indicating that they were waiting for a particular woman to arrive at the San Salvador airport. Another indication, first reported by John Dinges of the Pacific News Service, is an account by a former Salvadoran vice minister of planning, Carlos Paredes, of a meeting he attended at the presidential palace in San Salvador two weeks before the killings. Mr. Paredes, who is now in exile in the United States, says that at that meeting, Colonel García charged that nuns and priests in Chalatenango, where Ita Ford and Maura Clarke were working, were helping the guerrillas. (Asked by Representative Oakar last week if he had made such a statement, Colonel García said he couldn't remember.) According to Mr. Paredes's recollection in a recent interview, Colonel García added that "some measures would have to be taken in the near future to be sure that the guerrillas would not have any more of that type of help." Mr. Paredes does not say that Colonel García was involved in the killings, but he believes that the colonel was under pressure from "the army and the ruling sector in Chalatenango." Mr. Paredes told me, "The first person García should have arrested was the person who gave him this report" (of the nuns' alleged involvement with the guerrillas). "There's enough evidence at the moment to get these people to trial," Mr. Paredes said. "Why don't they do it? Whom are they protecting?"

ONE ANSWER to those questions was offered by Ambassador White in July testimony before the House Committee on Banking, Finance and Urban Affairs. "If you investigate the murder of the American church women," he said, "you are going to find that it was not the responsibility of four or six or eight enlisted men, but that it involved orders from responsible officers. And if these responsible officers are implicated, then the whole structure of the Salvadoran military will be endangered." In August, Ambassador Hinton told William Ford that the investigation was going nowhere. Later that month Mr. Hinton told UPI that it was possible but not probable that even these six would be convicted, and he told the *Washington Post*

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that if the suspects were released he would regret it, but it would have to be accepted.

Perhaps the FBI lie detector that President Duarte has requested, and which the State Department says will soon be provided, will yield something. But it is more probable that the arrest of the six guardsmen, like the suspension of aid, was a temporary bow to public indignation. As for the families, their experience during the past year has caused them to abandon long-held political assumptions. Michael Donovan, a certified public accountant, comes from a long line of staunch Republicans; in May, both he and his mother left that party. William Ford says that since his sister's death he has come to view his government as one that "for its own reasons will readily and continually lie to its own people."

Meanwhile, the political violence in El Salvador continues. By conservative estimates, some 10,000 people, not counting soldiers and guerrillas killed in combat, have died violently since the deaths of the American women. The women's families know that their suffering is small compared to this vast tragedy. They also know that as the war in El Salvador worsens, and as the Administration considers new military options, the likelihood that justice will be done in their case grows even dimmer.

The State Department continues to maintain that it is pushing the Salvadoran government to find and try the killers of the four women. But as long as the Reagan Administration supports Colonel García with unconditional military aid and refuses to support negotiations that would make it less than suicidal for the opposition to enter the upcoming election in El Salvador, the junta is not likely to perceive any State Department push as the kind of shove that means business. And the geopolitical perceptions of the Reagan Administration are not likely to be altered by the private pain of four American families.

It was twenty years ago today, Sgt. Pepper taught the band to play.

The Beatles Considered

By John Lahr

JOHN LENNON was shot on December 8, 1980, finally laying to rest the dream that the Beatles would rise again. Lennon's murder guaranteed the legend of the Beatles. History is kind to those who do not die in their beds. And the massive mourning surrounding Lennon's death confirmed the opinions of those who saw the Beatles as not only singers but symbols. A generation that had come of age to their music now mourned not only a hero but a lost hope.

In 1963, when the Beatles emerged from Liverpool onto the national scene, England was in radical transition. The society was changing from being top dog to becoming America's poodle, from 13 years of Conservative rule to a Labour government. It was the era of the miniskirt and the twist, when the English were beginning to move to new rhythms and to adopt new styles. "I saw no reason why childhood shouldn't last forever," the fashion designer Mary Quant said. "I wanted everyone to retain the grace of a child and not to have to become stilted, confined, ugly beings. So I created clothes that worked and moved and allowed people to run, to jump, to leap, to retain their precious freedom." The Beatles, those "lads" who mixed Cardin chic with Liverpool cheek, embodied the daydream of abundance and eternal youthfulness. Their success was as exciting as their songs. By late 1963, even if Britannia no longer ruled the waves, the Beatles dominated the airwaves. They were at the center of the new boy network of renegade energy and classless achievement. The Beatles' songs and their public high jinks gave British life the backbeat of promise.

The Beatles coincided with the renaissance in English theater, and they learned to "make show." The phrase, "*Macht* show, Beatles! *Macht* show!" was screamed at them by the owner of the Hamburg club where in 1961 they were losing listeners and business to the livelier bands along the Reeperbahn. Stomping, gyrating, shouting "Nazi" and "*Sieg Heil*" at the customers, the Beatles soon figured out that a little stage anarchy went a long way at the box office. Having named themselves in homage to Buddy Holly and the Crickets, the Beatles also aped, in their stage carryon, the frenzy of Gene Vincent, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis, and the other American rock 'n'

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rollers whose pulverizing energy they loved. "We had cooked up this whole new British thing," Paul McCartney later recollected of the Hamburg days, when they were an amalgam of American sound and European fashion. "We had a long time to work it out and make all the mistakes in Hamburg with almost no one watching. . . . A lot of things had been happening with our chemistry. . . . We'd put in a lot of work. In Hamburg we'd work eight hours a day while most bands never worked that hard." By 1962 the stomping and the "Beatle" hairstyle they'd carried back from Germany (it gave them the look of cuddly Teddy Boys) had turned them from a rock and dole group into the most popular scouse (that is, Liverpudlian) band. Playing lunchtime and evening gigs, the Beatles packed the Cavern, a subterranean rock 'n' roll club which tapped the army of adolescents who wanted to get high on music instead of on draft Guinness. The Cavern, which became the Mecca of the Mersey sound after the Beatles vaulted to superstardom, offered a venue for the proliferating number of local bands. Rock 'n' roll, like the American kid acts in the early part of this century, put a premium on energy, not expertise; and places like the Cavern were a new kind of vaudeville. As with the vaudeville of yesteryear, the ill-educated, the outcasts, renegades, and dropouts with an ambition to shine but no credentials for conventional success, were attracted to it. They could act out their daydreams of vindictive triumph and get paid for it. "I was always different," Lennon recalled in Jann Wenner's *Lennon Remembers: The Rolling Stone Interviews* (Penguin), voicing the infantile longing behind every star's obsession. "Why didn't anybody notice me?"

LENNON especially was noticed by Brian Epstein, the 27-year-old businessman turned impresario, who had an eye for the boys as well as business. A failed actor who had trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, Epstein encouraged their off-stage theatricality while he coaxed them out of smoking, swearing, and eating on stage. "We were very popular, not being goody-goodies," Lennon recalled of their success with the tough Liverpool kids. But once Epstein had finally gotten them a record contract (he purchased 10,000 copies of the debut single "Love Me Do" to ensure the Beatles made the Top 20), the act was tarted up for the mass audience. The image of stomping tear-aways was tossed out with their Hamburg leathers. The Beatles now only shook their forelocks. They were "lovable mopheads" and "happy little rockers." While other English groups like the Rolling Stones and the Who followed the hot, horny message of rock 'n' roll and sold the postures of aesthetic outlaws, the Beatles were spectacularly ordinary. They presented themselves as decent English blokes at heart. When they asked for love in their early hit songs, they didn't shout; they said please. "Oh please, say to me and let me be your man," they pleaded, wanting only to hold hands. Their songs were more about camaraderie than conquest. "Please, please me," they sang, just as they had politely bleated on their first record, "So ple—e—e—ease, love me do."

Before the Beatles, rock 'n' roll stars were faces and voices. The Beatles changed that. They took rock 'n' roll off the entertainment pages and put it in the headlines. "We turned everything into events," Lennon said of the group's genius for making a spectacle of itself. Between October and December 1963, the Beatles, by then boasting a fantastic list of hits including "Please Please Me," "Ask Me Why," "From Me to You," "She Loves You," were on the front page of at least one major English paper every day. Their music was fresh and fun, but hardly extraordinary. There were Lennon-McCartney songs (like "One After 909") that only showed them to be slick hit-makers who could sometimes write as shoddily as the next man:

> Move over once
> Move over twice
> Hey baby, don't be cold as ice.

The Beatles succeeded and survived because they were theater. They turned a press conference into a cabaret and treated the reporters like the Hamburg audiences for whom they made show. Their ad-libs had the wit and vivacity of comic cross-talk:

> RINGO: A guy at Decca turned us down.
> PAUL: He must be kicking himself now.
> JOHN: I 'ope he kicks himself to death.

They were not a faceless group of musicians with a new sound, but a collection of affectionate, endearing individuals whose personalities were increasingly acted out in their music. The drummer Ringo Starr, who could barely read or write, was steady, uninspired, constant, good-humored. The lead guitarist George Harrison, the youngest of the group, was intense and introverted. The handsome Paul McCartney, who wrote with John Lennon the songs he sang and actually had some academic and musical training, was flashy, romantic, and professionally charming. Lennon, the founder in 1957 of the Quarry Men, the skiffle band which evolved into the Beatles, was the hard man, the loner, the prankster who best embodied rock 'n' roll's rogue energy. Together, the group's humanity and high spirits were infectious. As the Beatles became more sophisticated and musically ambitious, they seized on the drama of their differences and built them into their music. Increasingly isolated by their fame, the Beatles drew finally on their past and their future as their only musical subjects. *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (1967), *Magical Mystery Tour* (1967), *Abbey Road*, side 2 (1969)—their finest musical achievements—mythologize both their personalities and their problems in song. These records are vaudevilles on disc after they'd stopped touring in 1966—a collection of astonishments and virtuoso turns which carried messages from their own well-publicized lives

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to their public. *Abbey Road*, their last recording session before the group broke up over musical and business differences, turns even the group's disintegration into a spectacular show. Harrison's "Here Comes the Sun" holds out the promise of hope and harmony:

> Here comes the sun
> And I say, 'It's all right.'

The hint of harmony is picked up by McCartney's lullaby "Golden Slumbers" and turned into a bitter nightmare. "Boy," they sing of their Beatles fame,

> You're gonna carry that weight,
> Carry that weight,
> a long time.

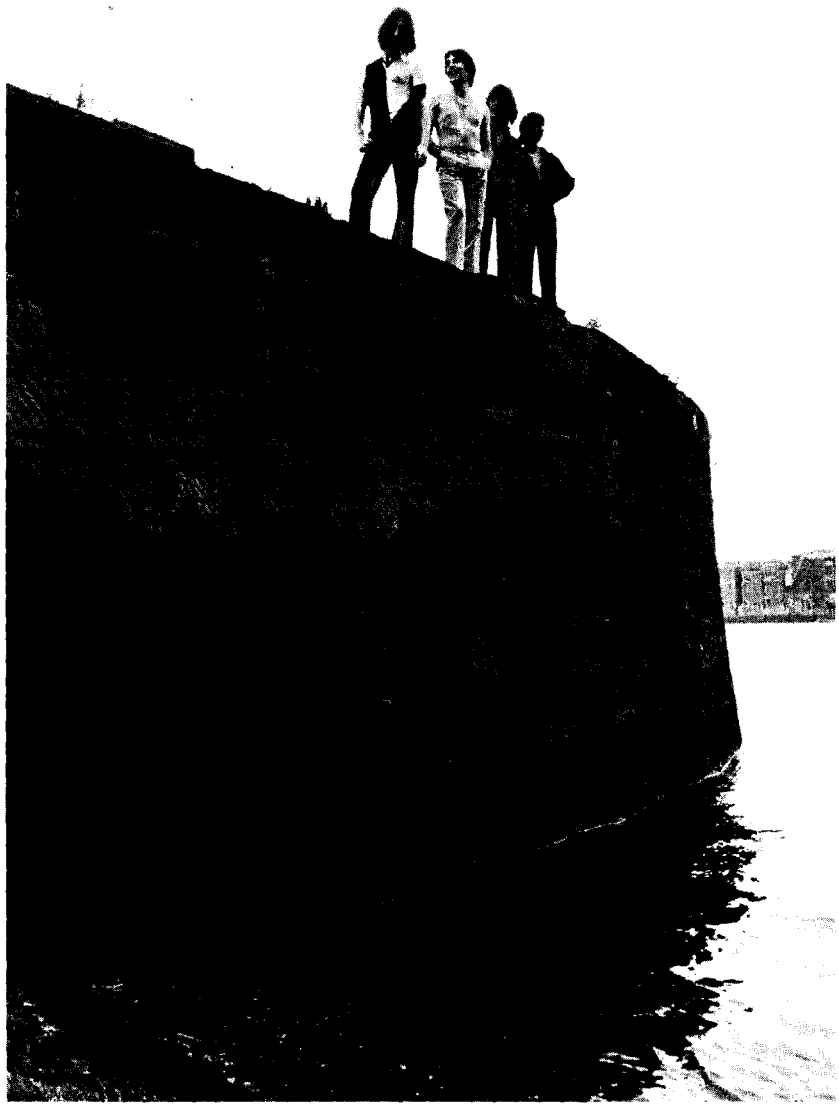
In "The End," the Lennon-McCartney partnership, recalling their rock 'n' roll beginnings, shout:

> OH, YEAH!
> ALL RIGHT!
> Are you gonna be in my dreams tonight?

But instead of the usual Beatles backing, the musicians erupt in an instrumental battle with Ringo performing his first drum solo. "The separation of the four instruments," writes Milton Okun about the instrumentation in the behemoth, two-volume *The Compleat Beatles* (Delilah/ATV/Bantam), which includes the arrangements of over 200 of their nearly 300 songs, "can be understood as a musical separation of the group themselves." There is no musical irony in the Beatles' poignant farewell:

> And in the end the love you take
> Is equal to the love you make.

They play the clowns up to the very end, and the record's coda lightly sidesteps the sadness of their curtain call to cock a snook at royalty. "Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl," sings Paul, ending with a throwaway laugh, not a lament. "But she doesn't have a lot to say."



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BEATLES BY PHOTO TRENDS / UNIPHOTO

The Beatles' end takes them back to their beginning.

At a Royal Command Performance given in aid of charity in December 1963, English television viewers got their first prime-time look at the Beatles. They saw John Lennon lean away from his microphone and say: "Those in the cheap seats clap your hands." Then, glancing up at the Royal Box, where the Queen Mother and her entourage sat, he added: "The rest of you just rattle your jewelry." The rehearsed quip made headlines. The Royal Family and the general public were at once startled and titillated by this brashness, the unfamiliar voice of the have-nots publically tweaking the noblesse. The style was familiar in the English market stall, but not on the stage. "Taste can be vulgar, but it must never be embarrassing," lectured Noel Coward, the king of English boulevard entertainment, after the incident. Now the mood of England was brazen and bumptious; and taste could be offensive as long as it had style. The Beatles had plenty of that; and, at least at the beginning, it was earthy, funny, frank, spontaneous, egalitarian. Their films—*A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*—capitalized on their antic spirit and the public's love of seeing the "lads" get away with everything.

And everything was exactly what they got. In 1965 the Beatles were given the prestigious Member of the British Empire award (and the public thrilled at the false rumors that John had smoked some reefer in Buckingham Palace). Their biographies were in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Even Harrods bowed to their whims and extended a tradition only previously offered to the Royal Family. They opened their emporium after hours so the Beatles could shop. By 1968 the

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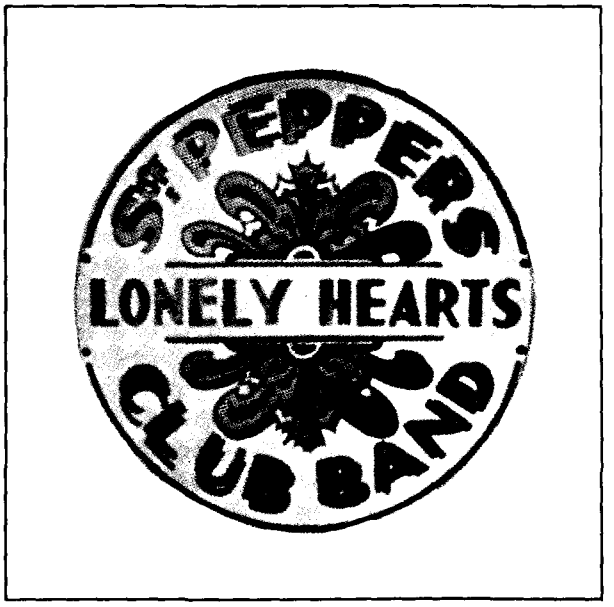
Beatles were having their latest single, "Hey Jude," sent in special gift boxes to the Queen, the Queen Mother, and the Prime Minister.

It was a Labour government that honored the Beatles, and Prime Minister Harold Wilson (the Beatles insisted on mispronouncing his name as "Mr. Dobson") was quick to exploit his acquaintance with them. But he was not the only world leader who scrambled to wrap himself in the Beatles' aura. The power of song to unite the body politic in wartime had always been conceded. But the political implications of song in peacetime were suddenly and dramatically apparent with "Beatlemania." Their music and their phenomenon promoted social contentment on a massive scale.

"Songs," Plato wrote in *Laws*, "are spells for souls directed in all earnest to the production of . . . concord." "Beatlemania" was a misnomer. Beatles fans were not so much hysterical as spellbound. The Beatles' music was a form of sympathetic magic, and the Beatles were local divinities who could change the mood and the look of their times by a song, a style, a word. "We're more popular than Jesus," Lennon wisecracked; but at first the Beatles didn't understand either their healing power or their shamanistic role. "It seemed that we were just surrounded by cripples and blind people all the time," Lennon recalled. "And when we would go through the corridors, they would be touching us."



PHOTOGRAPH FROM 'THE BEATLES: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD'

Lennon said of the public's credulity, "They gave us the freedom." In *Magical Mystery Tour*, the Beatles teased the power of their spell by dressing up as wizards with wands:

> The Magical Mystery Tour is waiting to take you away
> Waiting to take you away. . . .

Their music exuded confidence in its enchantment. "Changing a lifestyle and the appearance of youth didn't just happen," Lennon told the *National Observer* in 1973. "We set out to do it." Song was no longer seen just as entertainment but as a force for social change. As their power to shape consciousness became more apparent to them, the Beatles' songs spoke more directly to their times. "We started putting out messages," Lennon explained. The Beatles both molded their era and were a reflection of it. The messages were compelling and simple. "Love, love, love," the Beatles sang on a TV special, "Our World," that was beamed instantaneously by satellite to 150 million people waiting for their words, "all you need is love." A whole generation of radical rebellion and protest was played out behind Lennon's slogan: "Give Peace a Chance." ("We don't have a leader," Pete Seeger said during the 1967 March on Washington, "but we have a song.") The Beatles were agents of optimism; their music didn't fan the flames of discontent, but cooled them in the name of peace. "Don't you know it's gonna be alright, alright, alright," they sang at the height of the 1960s disruption in "Revolution," a Lennon number that scolded:

> But if you want money for people with minds that hate
> All I can tell you is brother you have to wait. . . .

Despite the Vietnam War and massive urban unrest, life was celebrated as getting "better, better, better . . . all the time."

"We got our ideas off the street," Lennon said, at a time when the streets ruled. The Beatles took the anxieties and aesthetics of the day and transformed them into an ecstatic experience. In search of their musical and personal identities, the Beatles flirted with mysticism and drugs, those symbolic rebirths which typified the era's desperate retreat from death-dealing society. The Beatles caught the numbness behind the age's reckless bravado—"She said, 'I know what it's like to be dead'"; "I read the news today, oh boy"—and also the idealism behind its relentless role-playing. These dropouts-turned-rockers-turned-movie stars-turned poet/priests-turned-business tycoons celebrated the myth of transformation which the "changes" in their own lives reflected:

> There's nothing you can do that can't be done. . . .
> Nothing you can make that can't be made
> No one you can save that can't be saved.
> Nothing you can do, but you can learn how to be you in time.

"We were descendants of rock 'n' roll," Lennon explained, after the group had strayed far from its origins and discovered its own musical identity. "We sort of intellectualized it for white folks." The generation's search for new imagery was successfully evoked in the visual and aural innovations of their masterful album *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. The record cover's Pop Art collage, with the Beatles in the foreground surrounded by scores of their intellectual and personal influences, broadcast the era's eclecticism,

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which had its musical correlative in the new Beatles pastiche. *Sgt. Pepper* was a majestic record in which the Beatles broke out into a whole new realm of musical sophistication. It consolidated the experiments made in earlier records: the sound effects of "Yellow Submarine"; the surreal juxtaposition of words to create vivid new images in "Strawberry Fields" ("Living is easy with eyes closed/Misunderstanding is all you see"). *Sgt. Pepper* was a gallimaufry of new and nostalgic sounds: Indian sitar and tabla, military bands, George Formby music hall backing, electronic crescendo added to which were barking dogs, canned applause, cock crows, a fox hunt. The songs ranged as widely as the sounds, turning the album into an expression of contemporary consciousness: working-class English life in "Lovely Rita" and in "When I'm 64," which conveys even the syntax of the shabby genteel world it describes; the ever-widening generation gap in "She's Leaving Home"; the inward-turning mysticism in "Within You Without You"; an acid trip in "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds." In their acid vision, language is used as a collage of found objects to make surreal images: "a girl with kaleidoscope eyes," "newspaper taxis," "rocking horse people." Although this poetic self-consciousness has not worn well with time, their effortless evocation of the small dramas of daily life remains poetic:

> Woke up, got out of bed
> Dragged a comb across my head. . . .

Even the great finale of the *Sgt. Pepper* album, "A Day in the Life," is a collage of two different songs with two opposing moods, which creates at once the sense of escape and the sense of terror that dominated the time.

The Beatles' musical flowering reflected the experiments and the innocence of their age; and their breakup in 1970 foreshadowed the coming disenchantment. "Nothing happened except that we all dressed up," Lennon said later in his self-imposed American exile. "The same bastards are in control. The same people are runnin' everything, it's exactly the same. They hyped the kids and the generation." In their naiveté, the Beatles had only reinforced the system they fondly thought they were changing. (Even their company, Apple Records, was conceived, they said, as a form of "Western Communism.") But fame makes the myths of capitalism glorious; and the stars are the performing workhorses of free enterprise that are trotted out to prove that the system works. The Beatles scorned the bourgeoisie, only to find they were the new hipoisie. In Lennon's apt and angry words, the Beatles were "fab, fat myths."

"It was awful being on the front page of everyone's life, every day," George Harrison says in his modest but elegant catalog of songs and Beatle memories, *I Me Mine* (Simon & Schuster). As the ironic title taken from one of his songs suggests, Harrison has followed the path of Eastern mysticism toward nonattachment, a route somewhat belied by the book and his baronial Oxfordshire estate from which he "watches the river flow." McCartney, the most conservative of the group, has followed fame's line of least resistance and become still more rich and famous with his second band, Wings. Ringo good-naturedly wanders the world as actor/singer/drummer, following no particular path. And until Lennon was murdered by a fan, his path had been the most tortuous and musically the most rewarding. He spent much of the 1970s trying to disenchant the public—in songs like "God"—of its appetite for magical solutions. "The Beatles is another myth," he said. But so far, the Beatles myth has proved stronger than the men who made it. As soloists, none of the former Beatles have attained the impact or the excellence of the group. The genesis of that music and the real lives of the group remain shrouded by the ill-written hagiography about them. The books gloss the orgies and the outrageousness. "Fuckin' big bastards, that's what the Beatles were," John Lennon said in *Lennon Remembers*, the only book that rings true about the monstrous greed that fame engenders in the most modest heart. "You have to be a big bastard to make it." Even when the ugliness of Lennon's own megalomania is frankly exhibited in *Lennon Remembers*, the Beatles legend keeps its brutality from being seen for what it is. "They can't feel," Lennon said, speaking for the public and spouting the blinkered romantic notion of the superiority of the artist. "I'm the one that's feeling because I'm the one expressing. They live vicariously through me and other artists, and we are the ones. . . ."

LISTENING to the Beatles' records again from the long corridor of middle age, the spell is gone. The songs are still delightful, but the thrill surrounding them has vanished as imperceptibly as youth itself. Each lyric conjures automatically the Beatles' sound. Each sound recalls the definitive phrasing the Beatles gave to their words. Their three-minute epiphanies were, for many, how time was measured and history recalled in the 1960s. Were the Beatles the Schuberts and Bachs of contemporary music? Such lavish comparisons were made, but they hardly seem to matter. Then, as now, the songs ventilated life with their articulate energy. Familiarity has robbed the music of its astonishment, but the songs still have the power to tap ancient longings. "Once there was a way to get back homewards," Paul's sweet voice intones with a sense of loss that hits hard in adulthood. The sound of a hard-driving Beatles song, heard as you are inspecting the crows' feet and the other crenellations of age in the bathroom mirror, can get you moving, mouthing the magic of an earlier time to banish the fear of death. "Yeah, yeah, yeah." Once again, the old and good times roll. The Beatles' music makes joy; and that joy, once felt, is never easily forgotten.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Turning the Century

Ragtime
(Paramount)

Six years after the novel's publication, $32 million after the film transformation began, here is *Ragtime*. A mistake.

Not utterly without good points, still a mistake. This is announced at the very start. The first shot is of a 1906 couple waltzing, and, as the waltz continues, the title is superimposed on them. The sensibility that could put that word and that waltz rhythm together is defective. I braced myself against confirmation of my fears, but, despite a few good performances, the fight was hopeless: the fears were confirmed.

I *went* there with fear—because the novel had been filmed at all. The success of E. L. Doctorow's book had made it one of those "Because It Is There" projects: a novel that had to be filmed, according to film-mogul thinking, just because it had been a best-seller. How easy it would be to draw up a long list of poor films made from best-sellers, some of them good novels, which just could not be satisfactorily transformed into film.

That's not precisely the case with *Ragtime*. The odds against filming it well were huge but not insuperable; it was just unlikely that anyone in Hollywood would see those odds or, seeing them, want to buck them. What was needed to make that book a good picture was complete disregard for the conventions of success, of film-industry worriments. The only way the film could have been good was to forget the presumed need to "lick" the book, as Hollywood lingo puts it, and to try to recreate its essentials in cinematic terms. Of this there is no trace.

So, for my argument, I have to start with the book itself. I was one of those who admired it very much (and reviewed it elsewhere). I watched carefully the adverse comment that followed the book's success and noted that it mostly fell into one or both of two categories. First, there were those critics who suspect any highly praised book of being merely chic, especially if it sells well. (I recall samples of this secondary reaction with *Herzog* and *Doctor Zhivago*.) I'm convinced that, if *Ragtime* had been panned or largely ignored by the press and had sold 900 copies, the quarterlies of the last five years would have been studded with articles drawing attention to an overlooked gem and bemoaning American critical blindness. Second, there were the red-white-and-blue bloodhounds, who are hunting ever more strongly in the arts these days, sniffing out traces of radicalism or even discontent, any hint that the U.S. is less than paradise, present or potential. Their apparent belief is that, since inarguably the U.S. is the most free and liberal country in the world, any artist who dares find fault with it, especially in terms of historical and deep-rooted conflicts, must be sniffed out and his work judged principally on their self-designated primary grounds. In *The Book of Daniel*, Doctorow's previous novel (TNR, June 5, 1971), he had depicted the ideological climate of mid-century, showing how political radicalism had been brought from Europe and had flourished in the Depression; in *Ragtime* he went back to the turn of the century to show how the gently meliorist qualities of 19th-century America began to change, were fated to change because of powerful selfishnesses. The bloodhounds frothed at Doctorow. The subtext of their hatred was an updated version of an old taunt: "If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?"

Recently I've reread much of *Ragtime* and still admire it. By your leave I quote from my review of the novel as ground for comment on the film. I thought the book a

> work of art about American destiny, built of fact and logical fantasy, governed by music heard and sensed, responsive to cinema as method and historical datum. . . . Film infuses the conception of the book. *Ragtime* almost apotheosizes the fact that the very existence of the film form has changed the ways in which fiction is written. Over and over again, for instance, the narrative follows a character until he meets, in person or in reference, a second character: the narrative then flows off with the second person, very much as Renoir's or Kurosawa's camera might have done.

The screenplay—written by one of the inflated mediocrities of the American theater, Michael Weller—ignores every one of these, to me, quintessential characteristics. The logical fantasy about historical characters is almost completely omitted. The musical governance of scene and episode and organism does not exist. Doctorow's carefully reticulated structure—virtually made-to-order for the best cinematic imagination—has been jettisoned so that the film can wallow, in old-fashioned movie style, within a few story elements. No, they haven't even had the courage to do that completely: some of the book's other elements have been retained—without explanation: like a series of

FILMS WORTH SEEING

. . . *All the Marbles*. A comedy about lady wrestlers and their manager that, despite all the violence in the ring, is goodhearted and funny. No, I didn't believe it either—until I saw it.

Chariots of Fire. Excellently made, basically true story of two British runners in the 1924 Olympics, transformed into moving social drama.

The French Lieutenant's Woman. The interwoven stories—of Victorian England and of the actors performing the Victorian plot—are more woolly than rich, but the acting and the visual texture are exquisite.

Time Bandits. For children. And adults. The writing, by two members of the Monty Python gang, will keep parents chuckling; the adventures of a small boy and six dwarfs in time and space will please everyone.

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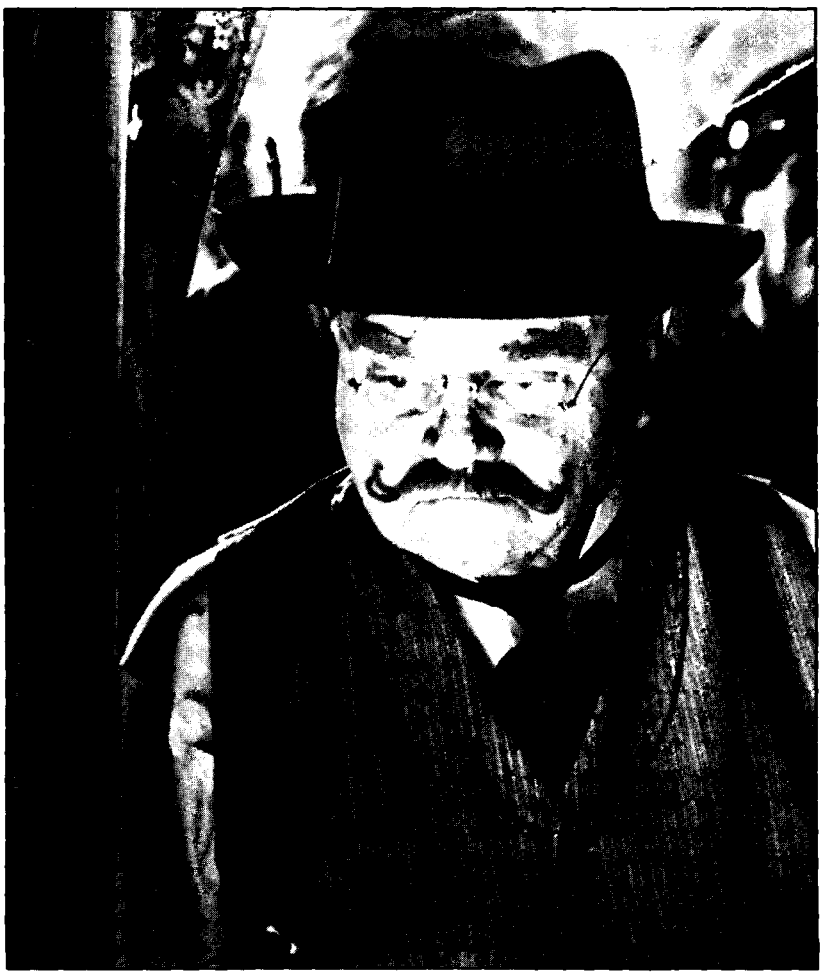
shots of Houdini, who was a figure of mysterious suggestion in the novel and who recurs in the film without integration or point.

I'm of course not arguing that every detail of the novel ought to have been kept. (I'll admit, though, that I'd like to have seen some of the real/fantastical episodes: for instance, J. P. Morgan snubbing John McGraw, the manager of the New York Giants, when they meet at the Sphinx.) But the shape and the method of the original were essential, and they have been discarded. The film is the slow, sentimental tale of a New Rochelle family—principally Father, Mother, and Mother's Younger Brother—who, through generosity to an unmarried young black woman and her baby, become involved in an armed insurrection led by the young woman's lover after he has been insulted in New Rochelle; and how Younger Brother, after an affair with Evelyn Nesbit Thaw following her husband's murder of Stanford White, rebounds into the insurrection as a blacked-up participant. Everything that the book interlaced to give us the fabric of an America at the height of its optimism—the layers of power and opposition beginning to stratify and collide, the counterpoint of energy and bounce, of *ragtime*—all this is lost. So the climactic sequence, when the rebellious blacks take over the Morgan Library, makes almost no sense. In the novel we had seen Morgan and Henry Ford conversing there, as older and younger monarchs disposing of the world, and the seizure of the library by the blacks was a symbolic shout against that ordination and sovereignty. In the film the Morgan Library is just a place with some valuables that can be held as hostages.

And the important story of Tateh, the immigrant Jew whose wanderings with his small daughter gave us a bird's-eye view of the sprawling northeast of America, is slashed almost to incomprehensibility. One of the delicacies of the book was that Tateh's story, an abstract representation of how Russian-Jewish immigrants entered and led the new motion-picture industry, mirrored from the inside the cinematic motions of the whole book. All muddled. Yet the ultimate union of Tateh and the New Rochelle Mother is retained, without motivation or credibility.



JAMES CAGNEY IN 'RAGTIME'

The only kind of filmmakers who could have succeeded with *Ragtime* are those who understand the tactics of Renoir and Kurosawa and the strategy of early Eisenstein and early Jancsó. The last two knew how to film *history*, how to make history itself the protagonist, rather than try to wring tears and laughter out of individual stories selected from history. The producer of *Ragtime*, Dino De Laurentiis, might once have been the right man for this job—years ago he did *The Nights of Cabiria* and *La Grande Guerra* and *Tutti a Casa*—but not lately: his most recent film was *Flash Gordon*. The director, Milos Forman, born and trained and first experienced in Czechoslovakia, was ridiculously overrated before he ever got to this country; and here his only work of distinction has been *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. (And I'm not sure how much Jack Nicholson had to do with that.) His work in *Ragtime*, far from the impasted pyrotechnics of his last film, *Hair*, is as conventional as the script. With Miroslav Ondricek, the cinematographer who has worked with him abroad and here, Forman has got too much out of every color, has kept people too consistently in closeup, and has shot too much from below eye-level. Sometimes the film gave me the feeling of walking past a head-high fruit stand or a series of costume displays in a museum.

Forman's worst work with actors is his use of extras in the street scenes on the Lower East Side in Manhattan. I've rarely seen people so clearly, if invisibly, labeled "Extras." The best performance in the large cast, and the least ostentatious, is by James Olson as the New Rochelle Father. Olson is an actor of little charisma but of considerable truthful dignity. The dreary-voiced Mary Steenburgen, as Mother, at least seems a little less dopey than usual, a little more human and humane. As her Younger Brother, Brad Dourif plays with that bitten-off neurotic reticence that has by now become his trademark. The proud young black man, Howard E. Rollins, is strong and handsome and forceful: his performance suffers only from numerous antecedents very much like it in tension and tonality, work by Sidney Poitier, Brock Peters, Albert Hall, Al Freeman Jr., and others. Elizabeth McGovern as Evelyn Nesbit is a dead loss. Is this the face that launched a thousand quips? Neither physically nor temperamentally does

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she convince as a celebrated beauty; and it was a pragmatic error to show her naked. But her husband, Harry K. Thaw, is very sharply and frighteningly played by Robert Joy—a maniac whose mania is heightened by his wealth.

Quite the worst piece of casting is Norman Mailer as Stanford White. Apart from his arrant amateurism, Mailer's speech and manner don't exactly suggest the beau monde at the turn of the century. The most interesting piece of casting is James Cagney as the New York police commissioner. Cagney, who is among the very best American screen actors, always danced his roles, like Astaire, even when there was no music. He's too old and heavy to dance now, but he's not too old for what he's asked to do—to look solid and stolid and to time his lines perfectly.

One bit in his part baffled me. In the novel the commander of the police forces surrounding the Morgan Library is the district attorney, and I assume that, since the film people wanted Cagney, they altered that matter to put the police commissioner in charge on the assumption that Cagney would be more comfortable as a cop. All right: but why, when the black leader comes out of the library with arms upraised, does Cagney order the sharpshooter by his side to fire? In the novel the black man is mowed down by two troops of policemen who reportedly thought he was trying to escape. The screenplay converts the commissioner from a trustworthy leader to a louse. There isn't even any hint that he thinks he may be doing the black rebel a harsh favor by cutting short his sufferings.

The film finishes with another shot of the opening couple waltzing. "You see?" they seem to be saying. "We warned you it was going to be all wrong."

Darwin The Man . . .

Charles Darwin: 'A Man of Enlarged Curiosity' by Peter Brent

(Harper and Row, 536 pp., $19.95)

Next year will be the centenary of Darwin's death and the occasion, no doubt, of a spate of books, articles, monographs, TV specials, lectures, symposia, and goodness knows what else. But the Darwin industry has been in full swing for some time now, and without benefit of any such pretext. In one area after another Darwinism has become the center of bitter controversy: in science where genetics, paleontology, ethology, ethnology, embryology, macrobiology, and a variety of other disciplines, most of them unknown in Darwin's time, have given rise to large disputes about the nature of the evolutionary process; in that always perilous terrain where science and social thought meet, which has recently been bloodied by the battle over sociobiology; and more recently still in the realm of education where the creationists, challenging the teaching of evolution in the public schools, have taken their case not only to the public but to the courts.

These controversies are about post-Darwin Darwinism, not about Darwin himself or the theory he propounded. Yet they obviously arouse our curiosity about the original version of that theory and about the man responsible for one of the major intellectual revolutions of modern times. In the past two years alone the story of Darwin has been dramatized (in the BBC series *The Voyage of Charles Darwin*), fictionalized (in Irving Stone's best-selling novel, *The Origin*), and now retold in a serious, full-length biography, *Charles Darwin: "A Man of Enlarged Curiosity,"* by Peter Brent.

The problem, for the biographer as much as for the dramatist or novelist, is how to avoid making Darwin a "talking head." The television series coped with that problem by focusing on the voyage of the *Beagle*, the only dramatic action in Darwin's life, his one great adventure. He left England at the age of 22 and returned five years later, never to venture forth again. After a few years in London he settled in his country house in Kent, where he spent the rest of his long life in near seclusion and near immobility.

Nor do Darwin's early years provide much material for drama or any intimation of future greatness. This was a problem for Darwin himself, as he reflected on his life in his all too brief autobiography. He remembered as a schoolboy being regarded by his masters as a "very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect," and by his father as something of a wastrel. "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs and rat-catching," his father once rebuked him, "and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." To prevent his becoming the "idle sporting man" that seemed to be his probable fate, he was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, as his grandfather, father, and brother had done. But he found his studies there so uncongenial that he left and went to Cambridge where, like many a young man without a vocation, he decided to enter the ministry. He managed to graduate from the university with a notable lack of distinction (he placed tenth among those who did not take honors), and looked forward to a nice, quiet country parish where he could indulge his hobbies of riding and shooting, bird-watching and beetle-collecting. Altogether, he later judged, his time at the university was "sadly wasted."

DARWIN'S latest biographer, Peter Brent, tries to mitigate this judgment, disputing the "myth" that the young man was lazy and not very bright, a "hearty outdoor dullard." Both at Edinburgh and at Cambridge, Brent points out, Darwin pursued his own intellectual interests even if they were not those of the formal curriculum. Darwin himself intimated as much in his autobiography when he wrote, as if to redeem himself after his earlier self-deprecatory remarks, that

> there must have been something in me a little superior to the common run of youths, otherwise the above-mentioned men [Professor Henslow and his circle], so much older than me and higher in academical position, would never have allowed me to associate with them.

In retrospect one can see the scientist beginning to emerge in those years—but only in retrospect, botanizing and geologizing being popular amateur sports at the time; indeed even among university professors it was not easy to distinguish between amateur and professional.

It is to Brent's credit that he tells the

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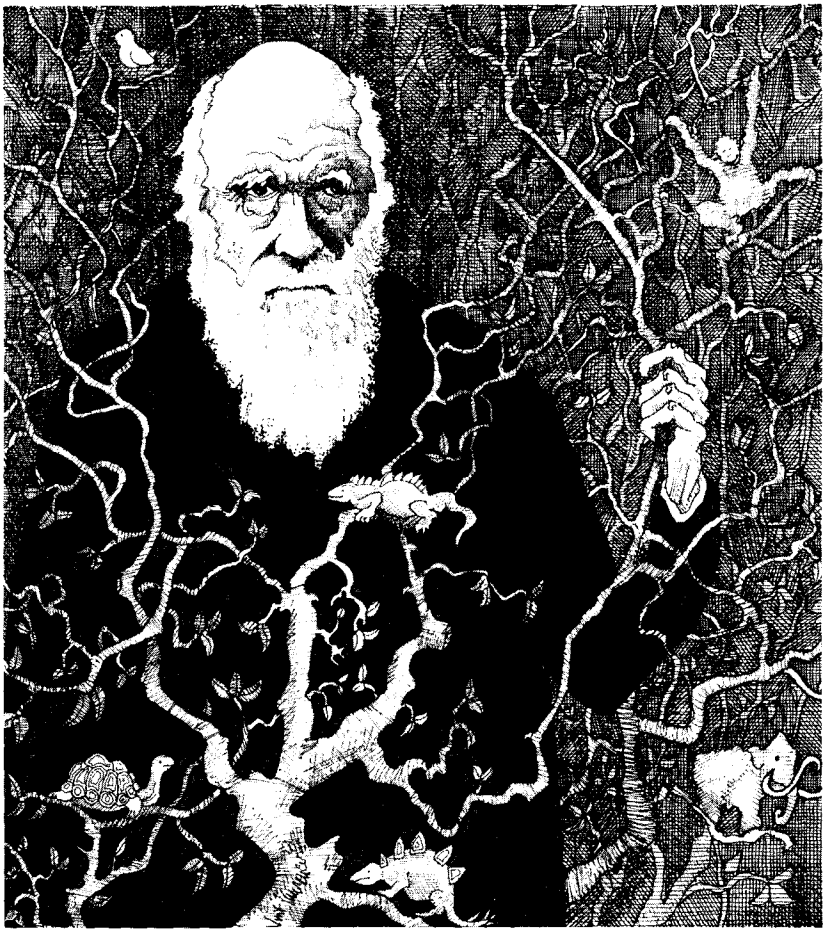
story of Darwin's early years with a proper degree of tentativeness, laying the foundation for the later life of his hero without making him too premature a hero, consciously resisting the temptation of hindsight. So too he keeps the voyage of the *Beagle* in proper perspective, refusing to cry "Eureka" with every finding of a fossil or mention of a species. Brent makes it clear that Darwin was not converted to the theory of evolution during the voyage, and that only after his return, when he began to entertain the hypothesis of evolution, did the evidence of the voyage fall into place in support of that hypothesis. Darwin's great discovery, obviously, was not evolution itself, which was "in the air," as has been said, but the theory of natural selection. And here Brent misses the great irony of that discovery.

According to Darwin himself, he came to that theory by way of Malthus's *Essay on Population*, with its famous formula of a geometrically growing population and an arithmetically increasing food supply. Seizing upon the image of a "struggle for existence" (the expression was Malthus's) which resulted from that imbalance of population and food, Darwin made of it the crucial mechanism for evolution, the struggle for existence ensuring the survival and perpetuation of the fittest individuals and thus bringing about a gradual evolution of the species. What Darwin did not say in his autobiography and what Brent, relying entirely on that account rather than on the *Essay*, fails to see is that Malthus himself, in that same essay, argued vigorously against the theory of evolution and in favor of the fixity of species.

The episode is important, not only because it is yet another example of the unintended consequences of ideas, but also because it illustrates the nature of scientific discovery and the logic of scientific argument: the way a fact or idea taken out of its original context may acquire a totally new meaning and provide the inspiration for a totally different, indeed contrary, theory. That science does not normally proceed, as Darwin thought it did, by "Baconian principles"—the patient accumulation of a mass of facts which point the way to a new theory—is by now all too familiar. What is not sufficiently recognized, and what the Malthus episode so vividly demonstrates, is the extent to which Darwin's theory depended not upon a new set of facts but upon an old idea, an idea, moreover, which lent itself as readily to the old theory and which could be pressed into the service of the new only by giving it a new function in the structure of a new argument.

This is the kind of "event"—the turn of an argument, the vicissitude of an idea—that constitutes the drama of Darwin's life. And there is drama enough here for the biographer. When and how did Darwin come upon the idea that gave an entirely new complexion to a familiar set of facts and encouraged the search for new facts? What did he do with those facts, old or new, which did not accommodate themselves to his ideas? How did the scientific and lay communities receive his theory and how did they relate it to a variety of other issues—religious, economic, social, philosophical? It is the great merit of this book that these and similar questions remain in the forefront, that the center of attention is where Darwin himself put it, in his work, rather than in the trumped-up trivia of his personal life.



DRAWING OF CHARLES DARWIN BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Occasionally one regrets a lost opportunity—the failure, for example, to exploit the dramatic argument of the *Origin of Species*. A two-paragraph summary hardly does justice to the intricate reasoning which, more than anything else, accounted for the success of the book, an argument which had all the ingredients of a satisfactory mystery story, as clues were ferreted out, red herrings raised and disposed of, objections and difficulties resolved, and the pieces of the puzzle finally fitted together. One may also deplore the lapse into the facile drama of the war of science against religion, the forces of light against the forces of darkness—even, as Brent has it, of "liberalism *versus* despotism, of democrats *versus* authoritarians." After 20 or more pages of this, the casual admission that the actual affair was more confused and complicated does not carry much weight, especially since it is followed by a resumption of the familiar warlike clichés.

For the most part, however, Brent locates the drama where it properly belongs: in the story of Darwin's ideas. And he resists much (although not all) of the spurious drama which others have tried to extract from the meager,

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and often mythical, details of Darwin's life: from the ailments that made him a semi-invalid, or his presumed relationship to his father, or the putative effects of the early death of his mother, or his supposed struggle for priority with other claimants to the theory (Alfred Russel Wallace, most notably), or the psychic significance of the theory itself. The psychoanalytic interpretations have a nice habit of canceling each other out. Brent quotes the familiar parricide theory: "If Darwin did not slay his father in the flesh, . . . he certainly slew the Heavenly Father in the realm of natural history." But there is another which argues, with equal conviction, that

> Darwin's consecration of himself as a naturalist for the welfare of humanity, besides gratifying and beautifully sublimating his mother-attachment, also gratified his father's desire that he should religiously consecrate himself to the welfare of humanity, which is remarkably like the mechanism of the sacrifice of the devoted son, Christ, if we consider other facts.

Like any good biographer, Brent recognizes that truth is more dramatic than fiction, that it was precisely because Darwin was neither the son of God nor the slayer of God, neither a towering genius nor a pathetic neurotic, that he is so interesting. One might say of Darwin what Walter Bagehot said of Lord Palmerston: "He was not a common man, but a common man might have been cut out of him. He had in him all that a common man has, and something more. And he did not at all despise, as some philosophers teach people to do, the common part of his mind." This is not to demean Darwin but to explain the peculiar quality of his greatness, to try to understand how this most improbable revolutionary, drawing upon materials commonly available and writing in a manner commonly intelligible, set in motion a revolution the consequences of which he did not anticipate and which we, more than a century later, are still trying to assimilate.

GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

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...AND HIS LEGACY

Genes, Mind and Culture: The Coevolutionary Process by Edward O. Wilson and Charles J. Lumsden

(Harvard University Press, 512 pp., $20)

Sociobiology is a subject guaranteed to raise hackles wherever it is discussed. In particular, the reactions of social scientists to the encroachments of biologists have provided a rich fund of evidence for students of human territoriality. The man who has most had the academic world baying for blood must be Edward O. Wilson, whose claims that biology will provide a new discipline to replace the toothless and moribund social sciences of yesteryear have been bold, provocative, and anything but modest. In 1975 he caused a storm with the publication of *Sociobiology: The New Synthesis*, in which he predicted the biological takeover of many hallowed territories, including anthropology, sociology, and ethics. With a zeal that combined something of the missionary with more than a hint of the cannibal, he proclaimed that "the time has come for ethics to be removed temporarily from the hands of the philosophers and biologicized." Even tenured academics shifted uneasily in their chairs.

The reason for the fuss has been that the analytical tools of evolutionary theory have been refined in the last 20 years to enable it to explain the adaptive properties of many forms of behavior that were previously thought to be beyond its scope. The advances have been in the explanation of altruism (defined as behavior that reduces an individual's Darwinian fitness, or reproductive success), or, more broadly, of cooperative and social behavior. Two mechanisms in particular have been invoked: the first and much the more important is kin selection, whereby altruistic behavior (say self-sacrifice on behalf of others) may be adaptively advantageous if it promotes the survival of copies of the gene in the bodies of the agent's relatives. Second, there is reciprocal altruism, or you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours, whereby an individual helps others and is helped in return. While such mutual benefit undoubtedly explains a great many forms of behavior, it is redundant if the altruism is *intended* to be reciprocated—for the mechanism in such cases is simply straightforward egoism allied to intelligence, which is quite compatible with the old-fashioned Darwinian story.

AS A RESULT of these advances, explanations in terms of adaptive function have been proposed for many kinds of complex human behavior, including religion, warfare, homosexuality, kinship systems, and taboos on incest. But much alarm has been caused by the widespread belief that sociobiologists are making two pernicious claims, one of a methodological and one of an evaluative kind. The methodological claim attributed to them is that explanations of an adaptive kind are the only worthwhile forms of explanation. The evaluative claim is that the adaptive function of behavior is its only worthwhile function, and that the promptings of our genes are also our appropriate moral imperatives. Both claims are untrue, and are quite extraneous to sociobiology. However, some sociobiologists have appeared at times to give implicit assent to one or the other, and the reaction to them has been equally extreme. We have been told that sociobiology "can only contribute to the investigation of a cultureless being," and biologists have repeatedly been warned to stay out of the social sciences. But Edward Wilson remains irrepressible, and returns to the assault with renewed and more provocative vigor every time.

If *Sociobiology* was an exploratory salvo, *Genes, Mind and Culture* is the full broadside. Co-authored with Charles J. Lumsden of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, it is entirely devoted to the subject of human culture, which the earlier work treated only glancingly. In substance, it is a direct counter to those critics who have claimed that sociobiological methods

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are chronically ill-suited to the study of human behavior. Wilson's earlier book, *On Human Nature* (1978), suggested some conclusions that a human sociobiology might reach, but specified no mechanism whereby cultural and genetic evolution could intersect. In response to the argument most commonly deployed against him—that our species' use of language lifts the study of human behavior out of the evolutionary arena altogether—Wilson and Lumsden have now tried to map the processes that make up what they have christened "gene-culture coevolution." It is a bold and important endeavor.

In style, alas, this book seems to be a response to those critics who found *On Human Nature* clear, comprehensible, and even elegant. Much of the heavy mathematics that fills *Genes, Mind and Culture* seems designed to overawe a nonspecialist readership, to obscure rather than reveal the essential simplicity of the ideas at the heart of the book. Many of the equation systems yield very unremarkable results considering their complexity, and would in any case be best left to a mathematical appendix. Besides, the available data is in much too inexact a form to make such highly precise calculations worth the disproportionate computer time that practical applications of the theory would require. It even occurs to me to wonder uncharitably whether the Harvard computer was enlisted to help write some of the prose. This is a pity, because it will lead many of Wilson's critics to focus on the fact that the book achieves much less than the dust jacket rather portentously claims. It is particularly regrettable because both Wilson's critics and his supporters will find it hard to extract what *is* of considerable importance from this opaque and unnecessarily complicated book.

Undoubtedly the central project in *Genes, Mind and Culture* is the underlying model of gene-culture coevolution that it develops. Previous sociobiological work has treated human behavior as though it were transmitted by genes alone. This has not depended upon the false claim that culture and learning make no difference to behavior, but has merely involved concentrating upon those differences in human behavior that are attributable to differences in genes. In other words, it has not denied the existence of learning, but has merely had nothing particular to say about it. "Gene-culture coevolution" is an attempt to remedy the omission. The essence of the model is very simple. Behavior is assumed to involve a choice between "culturgens," or units of culture. These are kinds of behavior pattern, physical artifact, or symbolic construction. Much of the calculation is performed with a model involving a choice between only two culturgens—examples would be the choices between monogamous and polygamous forms of sexual relationship, between round and pointed arches in architecture, and between monotheistic and polytheistic religions—but it can be generalized for more than two without destroying any of the substantive conclusions. The model is disconcertingly crude, but let that pass. It essentially involves individuals in choosing, consciously or unconsciously, between alternative culturgens.

Next, the authors introduce the "epigenetic rules." These are genetic predispositions that determine, not a rigid choice between culturgens, but a probability distribution of choices between them. If the epigenetic rules narrow the possibilities so that only one culturgen may be chosen, we have an instance of pure genetic transmission of culture—or genetic determinism. If, on the other hand, the epigenetic rules are neutral

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between the culturgens in question, we have pure cultural transmission, the tabula rasa state. If the truth lies somewhere in between, so that the epigenetic rules bias but do not fully determine the choice, we have "gene-culture transmission." It is easy to show—and the authors do so—that in most environments the optimal epigenetic rules will be of this intermediate form.

Human behavior can evolve according to such a model in two ways. Either mutations may occur, giving rise to new epigenetic rules whose effects increase fitness; or, if the epigenetic rules are relatively unspecific, new culturgens may be invented which change the pattern of culture in a particular society without altering the epigenetic rules themselves.

IT IS WORTH mentioning at this point some of the main results the authors derive from this model. One, which should be obvious but needs emphasizing, is that even relatively rigid epigenetic rules can lead to considerable diversity of cultures. The reason this is so is due to a simple property of the binomial distribution: for example, suppose that the probability that any one individual will be left-handed is ten percent. This would be a strongly biased epigenetic rule. But even so, the probability that a group of 20 people will all be right-handed is very small—only 12 percent. And so, the authors argue, the fact that historians, sociologists, and anthropologists can point to many instances of incest is not in itself evidence against the hypothesis that there are very strong epigenetic rules for incest-avoidance.

The corollary to this is that "a barely detectable amount of selectivity in an epigenetic rule operating during the behavior of individuals can strongly alter social patterns." In other words, "the effects of the epigenetic rules are not lost in the translation process [from genes to behavior]. They are instead greatly amplified." This is particularly true where there are strong pressures on individuals to conform to the behavior of those around them (as in learning). The trouble with this argument is that it cuts both ways. If social patterns are extremely sensitive to tiny variations in the epigenetic rules, then it will also be true that explanations and predictions of social patterns will be just as sensitive to tiny errors in the measurement of the epigenetic rules. Since the authors' estimates of even those epigenetic rules about which they are most confident frequently have margins of error of 20 percent or more, the use of these estimates to derive ethnographic curves for any actual populations will be so inaccurate as to be virtually useless. And unfortunately, the prospects for achieving significantly greater accuracy in the estimates are not great. In order to estimate the probability that individuals with a given genotype will choose one culturgen over another, it is necessary to ensure that the reason different individuals in the sample make different choices is not because they have different epigenetic rules. How a biologist can ever be sure of this until he has discovered the exact neurophysiological processes constituting each epigenetic rule in question is very unclear. Furthermore, until this is done, the epigenetic rules do not explain the problem but merely label it. They do not explain why people make the cultural choices they do, but merely record the fact that they do.

THERE ARE other criticisms that can be made of this model as an approach to the study of human culture. The first concerns the fundamental assumption that the epigenetic rules determine probability distributions for each choice between competing culturgens. Since it is only probabilities that are determined, what determines the actual choices? As this is a model of gene-culture coevolution, it seems the authors must have it in mind that cultural and environmental factors do. But not so. Instead, they opt for "complete genetic determinism," which they write "can include a sensitivity to context, so that for every environmental contingency E there is only one behavior B." In other words, if it is environmental contingencies that determine which behavior is chosen, then what we have is not gene-culture transmission but pure genetic transmission, i.e., genetic determinism with very fine context sensitivity.

But what is the difference between this and gene-culture transmission? If the distinction is to be upheld, there must be some third factor that determines choices, given the probability distributions. This cannot be genetic (since we are dealing with given epigenetic rules) or environmental (since this is embraced under sensitivity to context). It is unclear what remains. The theory begins to look suspiciously like full-scale philosophical indeterminism, which is now recognized by philosophers to pose just as much of a threat to free will and rationality as does determinism itself. Even if the resemblance is misleading, the remaining theory will be heavily emasculated.

The second major difficulty with the model concerns its assumption that each choice between culturgens is under the influence of a separate epigenetic rule. Clearly this is not in general true. Wilson and Lumsden themselves point out that quite small changes in genetic material may be capable of affecting large numbers of brain cells. What this suggests is that a single epigenetic rule will determine the probabilities for literally millions of choices between culturgens. As a result, an epigenetic rule that was biased toward several very advantageous culturgens might be selected, in spite of the fact that it also prompted some very dubiously adaptive decisions in other areas.

The same is, of course, true of genes that affect physical characteristics. But the difference is that physical evolution has taken place for a much longer time and against a much more slowly changing environment than cultural evolution. In that time it has been possible for genes with a high proportion of beneficial physical effects to emerge at the expense of those whose effects are more mixed—although even here the verdict must be cautious. But where culture is concerned, no such conclusion is even remotely plausible. Cultural evolution has been too recent and too hectic for our system to have settled down to anything like equilibrium.

WHAT THIS highlights is the most general problem of all for this kind of study of human behavior. This is the danger of assuming that the conclusions we can draw about the equilibrium properties of a system can be straight-

"'35 PER CENT of Women are Sex Starved,' according to a study made public by the Western Psychiatric Institute of Pittsburgh (*New York Post*, Sept. 15). Well, should there be a federal program?"

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forwardly applied to systems that are nowhere near equilibrium. The problem is not, of course, unique to sociobiology: economics, for instance, has been passing through a crisis while it tries to cope with its failure to understand disequilibrium. Some economists have faced the crisis by denying the existence of disequilibrium altogether—it is sometimes claimed that unemployment is always voluntary. A rather similar unreality characterizes the appeal by Lumsden and Wilson to "the fact that so much of the behavior documented by ethnographers falls on or near fitness-maximizing optima." I'm not sure what behavior they are thinking of, but they have clearly left out warfare, care of the old and sick, and much religious behavior (such as the celibate priesthood)—all of which take up a great deal of human time and energy. It is true that not much human behavior is positively ruinous to fitness (though some is). But it is a long way from this weak admission to the much stronger claim that the vast array of cultural decisions that make up our religious, political, and social lives "falls on or near fitness-maximising optima," particularly when these decisions are considered individually.

WHAT A book a devil's chaplain might write on the clumsy, wasteful, blundering, low, and horribly cruel works of nature!" If Darwin's remark was true of the nonhuman animals, it is truer of human culture, much of which has survived natural selection largely as the by-product of the development of the human brain. Our capacity to reason and use language has given our species such an evolutionary boost that we have been enabled to use these same faculties in ways far removed from the exigencies of nature to which they owe their origin. Reason and culture come in a package deal, and many of the phenomena of our culture are a side effect of reason, a fringe benefit or an occupational hazard depending on your point of view.

None of this should mean that the biology of human behavior deserves the abuse with which so many of its important ventures have been greeted. I hope this book will be welcomed as a contribution to a central, if sensitive, area of concern. But reading *Genes, Mind and Culture* leaves me with the strong impression that this kind of exercise in virtuoso speculation about fitness maximization has pulled so far ahead of our still meager knowledge about the facts of our neurophysiology that its achievement must inevitably be limited. To explain processes about which we know very little by christening them "epigenetic rules" may enrich our vocabulary but does not in itself advance our understanding. However, it has convinced me that the possibilities are immense for a sociobiology that is more firmly grounded in detailed knowledge of the human brain, and can face the fact that human society is a long way from evolutionary equilibrium. This would be a sociobiology that social scientists ought to greet with enthusiasm.

PAUL SEABRIGHT

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GREEN MEMORY

Irish Nationalism: A History of its Roots and Ideology by Sean Cronin

(Continuum, 391 pp., $19.50)

Of making books about Ireland there seems to be no end, nor does the need for them get any less. Indeed, the more the historians try to explain the place to the public—whether in Britain, the U.S., or even in Ireland itself—the more confused and incredulous does that public become. One therefore approaches a new book on the subject with a certain ambivalence—on the one hand sympathy for the writer in his hopeless task, on the other hand curiosity to know where he stands and what he would be at.

It is not difficult to see where Mr. Cronin stands or what he would be at. Like most intelligent observers, he is desperately concerned about the present state of the country, and in seeking to show how this has come about he wishes to explore and to propound possible solutions. He has read widely in Irish history and has buttressed his book with a formidable apparatus of scholarship. But behind that apparatus, and the sophistication with which he uses it, is a very traditional standpoint.

Mr. Cronin's tradition is the republican tradition and his history of Irish nationalism is in essence an account of that tradition. It is a tradition which looks back to the American and French revolutions and which found in the Dublin Protestant lawyer, Wolfe Tone, its first articulate exponent. Tone's republicanism was based on two propositions. The first was that Ireland's destiny was to be an independent nation-state and that this could only be achieved by an armed rebellion to break the British connection. The second was that the republic should be nonsectarian—or, as we should say nowadays, ecumenical—embracing all Irishmen without distinction of race or class or creed.

The uprising of 1798 was in part a response to Tone's ideas (though it also had overtones of class and sectarian warfare between Protestant and Catholic) and with its failure, followed as this was by a close political and economic union between Britain and Ireland, the republican tradition fell on lean times. But it never died out. It inspired three insurrections in the 19th century and the last of these, the Fenian rising of 1867, was organized by a newly founded secret society, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, which thenceforward remained the guardian of the republican ideal.

Mr. Cronin traces these developments with skill and sympathy, showing how republicanism combined both 18th-century rationalism and 19th-century romanticism into a heady and occasionally explosive mixture. But because this is the core of his narrative he misinterprets or leaves out altogether a good deal else that happened in Ireland, especially in the 19th century. For example, he seems to subscribe to the view of social relationships that many Irish-Americans have understandably derived from the Famine which drove their ancestors into emigration—that all the economic ills of Ireland were due to wicked and/or absentee landlords, aided

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and abetted, of course, by callous England. Apart from the fact that it was England which eventually extinguished the landlords, it has to be said that although there certainly were absentees and also bad resident landlords, there were also feckless and incompetent tenants whose only agricultural skill was to use archaic customs to frustrate improvements of which the landlords were often the sole initiators. As modern economic historians have realized, and Mr. Cronin apparently has not, the transformation of Irish society was a complex business, depending far more on the country's increasing exposure to the outside world than on the misdeeds of landlords and the sufferings of their tenants.

Similarly with the political evolution of modern Ireland, Mr. Cronin claims that the emergence of nationalism was "a mass movement, not a cult of intellectuals meeting in cafés talking revolution." He does not, however, make it sufficiently clear that the mass movement was usually mobilized by constitutional leaders—O'Connell, Butt, Parnell—and not by revolutionaries who, anyway, tended to do their conspiring in shebeens, not cafés. It is important to realize that while modern Ireland ultimately won its (partial) independence by force of arms between 1919 and 1921, its shape and substance were largely created by people who were not revolutionists. They worked for Irish self-government within the British Empire and they did not disdain practical improvements in the condition of the country if these could be gathered along the way.

In fact, the only two revolutions that succeeded in 19th-century Ireland were social not political, though both had political consequences. One was the emancipation of Catholics and the other was the liquidation of the land problem by the breaking up of estates and the conversion of tenants into farmers owning their small holdings. Together these revolutions did more than anything else to give Ireland the religious and economic conservatism that has marked it ever since.

Although Mr. Cronin does not analyze very deeply the causes of this conservatism he is at least aware of it and this leads him to make an important point about the seminal Easter Rising of 1916, which is that it was the work not merely of a minority of activists but of a minority within that minority. Initially, the Easter Rising was exceedingly unpopular with the citizens of Dublin who had suffered much from the ensuing devastation. What changed Dublin, and Irish, opinion was the execution of the leaders, the arrest of a multitude of suspects, many of whom had had no connection with the rising, and subsequent errors of British policy, culminating in the attempt to apply conscription to Ireland in the closing stages of World War I. The outcome was the triumph of Sinn Fein at the general election of 1918, the setting up of an Irish Parliament, and the gradual slide into a war of independence which ended in virtual autonomy for

HUNDREDS OF FIREFLIES

Sky yet violet,
shadows collecting
under the trees

and first stars wan
as night birches, the fireflies
begin: from the first,

the night belongs
to them.
Darkness brightens
them: from our screened porch

we watch their blinkings
sharpen: three, four of them
lighten nightfall of all

solemnity; ten or twelve
and the eyes are led
endlessly astray;

and in deeper night
it's twenty, fifty, more—a number
beyond simple reckoning—

and still they keep
coming.
No winter
surpasses the flash

of their storm, no spring
their startling growth.
Expanding
to contain them, the night fills

with their soundless poppings,
hundreds of fireflies,
each arhythmic light a trinket

to entice some wayward mate
into the joined darkness
of propagation . . .

So it's as wooers they come
bumbling to the cottage screens
to illumine palely, eerily

our faces, and but a creature's
prime, combinatory urge
erects constellations brighter,

nearer than the heavens
will ever be.
We'd watch
and say nothing,

grateful, knowing
this is what is best,
is what we needed.
For we've seen

stars enough tonight
to hold us through a year
of city living—

lengthening fall nights,
opened trees and the rosy
murk of shopping plazas;

and skies grayly gathering snow,
and the moon of crusted snow,
and marshy April skies clogged

with sediment . . . until the silent
drift of summer through the trees
signals us, drawn too by light,

to another brief firefly season.

BRADLEY LEITHAUSER

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the south, but left the six counties of the northeast, thenceforward Northern Ireland, still a part of the United Kingdom.

Mr. Cronin is at his best in writing about 1916, both because he appreciates its importance and because he is perceptive enough to be able to show how the republican tradition was distorted by what happened then and afterward. His summing up of the rising itself is incontrovertible:

> Irish constitutionalism had failed, the lesson read. The Parliamentary Party had collaborated with England's war and been spurned for it. The rebellion in Dublin was no more than a protest in arms by men—and women—who believed in the doctrine of physical force. Henceforth the gun would be the court of last resort in the case of Ireland versus England. Anyone who fired a shot at a British soldier in Ireland had the sanction of Pearse, Connolly and Irish history. It was, and is, the final argument for Irish republicans.

But what sort of Ireland were they fighting for? Mr. Cronin emphasizes the ideological confusion of the years between 1916 and 1922, and he is right to do so because that confusion still exists today. Partly it was the fault of the men of 1916 themselves, partly it was the product of Irish conditions. Aside from the simple, traditional assertion of independence which was made by the Proclamation of 1916, there were two other strands in the thinking that had preceded the rising. One was cultural and the other was socioeconomic. Pearse and his immediate associates were deeply influenced by the Gaelic revival of the late 19th century and they wished to create, or re-create, an Ireland which, in Pearse's words, would be "not free merely, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely, but free as well." Mr. Cronin puts his finger on the difficulty this equation was bound to cause for those who aspired to an all-Ireland republic that would find room for the Protestant non-Gaelic tradition as well as for the Catholic Gaelic one:

> Irish history was interpreted in racialist (or ethnic) terms: Gaelic civilization versus the English conquest; the Celt against the Anglo-Saxon. Such views further alienated Ulster Protestants, colonial settlers from the seventeenth century. What would be their role in the new Gaelic Ireland of Sinn Fein? Was there a place for them? Would the Gael be 'restored' to his ancient patrimony? There was no great discussion of these ideas, but 'Gael' versus 'Gall' [foreigner] was the backdrop to Sinn Fein ideology.

The socioeconomic strand in the 1916 rising was represented by James Connolly's vision of a socialist workers' republic. Few of those with whom he fought shared this vision and of the leaders only Pearse had sufficient elasticity of mind to move in his last months some way toward what Connolly was preaching. But Connolly's doctrines seemed to have perished with him when he died before a firing squad. The first Irish Parliament did in fact make a gesture toward him with its "Democratic Programme," but this was watered down before it reached the floor of the house and virtually nothing was done to implement it. The victors in the war of independence were far from being Wolfe Tone's "men of no property." They were men of small property who looked to become men of larger property and they had no time for radical ideas. Neither, it must be said, did the Labour Party which claimed to be Connolly's heirs, but which was so conservative that for many years it avoided the label "socialist" as if it were the ideological equivalent of bubonic plague, which indeed in Ireland it practically was.

This fundamental conservatism is still at the heart of Irish society, fortified as it is by both God and Mammon, since in this sphere the interests of property and of the Catholic Church closely coincide. Connolly's legacy did not, it is true, entirely vanish and from time to time it surfaces in one or other group on the republican left. But hitherto it has remained peripheral (though with a younger population this may change) because even within the republican movement the completion of independence by driving the British out of Northern Ireland has generally taken precedence over the planning of a new world which most nationalists would still regard as hopelessly utopian.

When he comes to write of Northern Ireland Mr. Cronin is perceptive in analysis, though rather short on solutions. He is more aware than most nationalist writers of the complexity of the situation, but his concentration on the political and military aspects means that his book may tend to strengthen the prejudices and convictions of those political primitives who think that the

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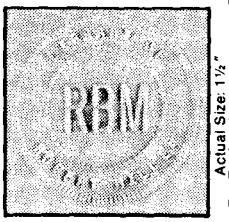

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slogan "Brits Out" contains the beginning and end of wisdom. The fact is, of course, that the partition of Ireland, which nobody wanted originally, was adopted by Britain as the only way short of force of dealing with the intransigent Protestants of northeast Ulster. They, for their part, would have preferred to remain within the union as established in 1800, but took the mini-Home Rule that was offered to them as the only tolerable alternative. The "state" or, as they themselves call it, the "province," which was created by the Government of Ireland Act of 1920, arose directly out of their refusal to be governed from Dublin under a regime which they saw as a threat to their beliefs, their property, even their lives. They avoided this threat because there was a strong current of opinion in Britain which felt that they ought not to be coerced and that British as well as Irish interests might be best served by maintaining Northern Ireland as part of the United Kingdom, as indeed was demonstrated by the vital role played by northeast Ulster in the Battle of the Atlantic during World War II.

IT IS THEREFORE not enough simply to say that Britain partitioned the island and from that to jump to the comforting conclusion that once the British leave Northern Ireland the two communities will happily settle their differences. Technically, it is of course true that partition was embodied in a British act of parliament and was "imposed" on Ireland. But it was imposed in response to pressures from a large body of Ulster Protestants who not only felt themselves to be fundamentally different from their southern neighbors but who had been so insecure throughout their history that they rapidly developed the siege mentality which is still their outstanding characteristic and which gave their northern state its repressive and discriminatory basis during 50 years of uninterrupted unionist rule between 1922 and 1972.

Mr. Cronin sees this clearly and acknowledges that those who airily advocate that these settlers should be moved back to Britain are talking heartless and ignorant rubbish. "Ulster's Protestants," he writes,

> have been in north-east Ireland for nearly 400 years; their colony is older than the first English colonies in North America. The plantation of Ulster began at the same time as the Jamestown colony. Scots had been migrating peacefully to Ulster since the last quarter of the sixteenth century. They have tilled Ulster's land and built Ulster's industry. They have a right to be there.

If they have a right to be there, it would seem only sensible to do everything possible to establish some rational means of communication with them, difficult though that often is. Mr. Cronin accepts this with his mind, but his heart is with the republican tradition and he cannot for long take his eye off the ancient enemy. "Did not England repress the Irish by armed force and turn their country into a colony? Does it not still retain the right to dictate the political future of the Irish? Or some of them? Does she not repress the Irish still?" Every republican will feel he knows the answer to these questions and too many have already decided that it is best delivered through the barrel of a gun.

YET THE GUN is in reality no solution, for at the end of the affair northerner has to talk to southerner and differences have to be resolved by peaceful means. There is no other way that will not bring in its train even worse evils than those the island has already suffered.

But are the differences, which are great, really irreconcilable? Mr. Cronin believes that Wolfe Tone's secular republic would be the logical solution, but in his clear, incisive way he also sees the obstacles. It would stand no chance, he thinks, partly because the Catholic south would not have it, and because even if the Catholic south would have it, the Protestant north would want no part of such a union precisely because the Catholic south *is* Catholic. This fear of Catholicism, which is so deep-seated in the north, has been underestimated for too long in the south. Now it appears Garret FitzGerald, Ireland's new Prime Minister, is ready to launch a "crusade" to change attitudes in the republic, but the violence of the reaction his words have already aroused suggests both that he has a long and difficult task ahead of him, and also that the task is even more urgent and necessary than many might otherwise have thought.

If he were to succeed and if the republic were eventually to be transformed into the very model of a liberal, secular society, would that make it any more attractive to the north? If that had happened in the 1960s it might just possibly have had the desired effect, but almost certainly not now or for a long time to come. The Provisionals, with their wanton killing and maiming of those whom they profess to regard as their fellow Irishmen and Irishwomen, have seen to that.

IN THE END perhaps the tragedy resolves itself into a struggle between two stubborn and arrogant minorities. Ulster Protestants are in a minority in the whole of Ireland and created their state in the teeth of a majority of Irishmen, maintaining it by methods which in due time brought it crashing about their ears. But the Provisionals are a smaller and even more arrogant minority, for they flout the democratic process in the republic and indeed, if pushed to a logical conclusion, would deny the legitimacy of every Irish government since the civil war. Worse still, they ignore the fact that every responsible section of opinion in the south has abjured violence as a means of unification, in the conviction that only by long and patient dialogue between nationalist and unionist can the basis for ultimate reconciliation be laid. Yet this appears to mean nothing to men who have no *raison d'être* save war, and who offer no constructive hope for the future. History may well record that their sole achievement has been to postpone a settlement of the Irish question for 50 years and that in doing so they have degraded the republican ideal which has found in Mr. Cronin a sympathetic historian.

F.S.L. LYONS

F. S. L. Lyons, professor of history at the University of Dublin, is author recently of *Culture and Anarchy in Ireland, 1819-1939* (Oxford University Press).

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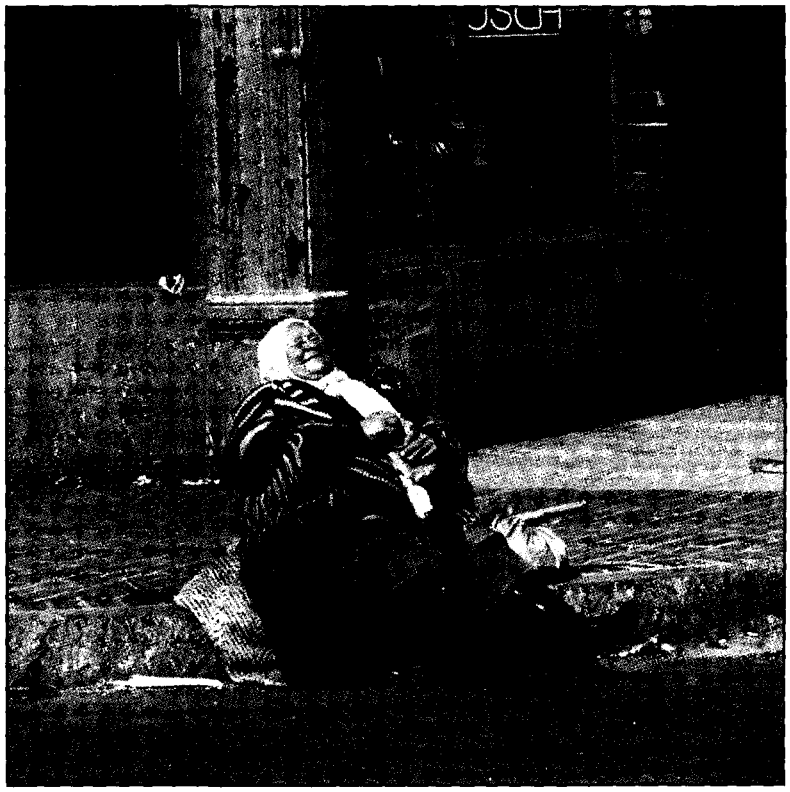
Shopping Bag Ladies
by Ann Marie Rousseau
preface by
Alix Kates Shulman

(Pilgrim Press, 160 pp., $16.95)

They are poor, of course, but that is not the whole story. Shopping bag ladies are literally homeless, without shelter, and the roofs over their heads are of the most makeshift sort: ladies' rooms in train stations, all-night restaurants, doorways, and park benches. There is official housing available to them, but most of them seem to prefer the exposure of the streets to the prying questions of social agencies or the squalor of SRO hotels. Some of these women have been mental patients but others have wandered from relatively stable beginnings without first becoming discernibly unhinged. All of them lack carapace, that second skin others of us grow in self-defense. What emerges most strikingly from their comments in this book is the beatific confusion with which they regard their fates; men abandon them, employees cheat them, landlords evict them—the slings and arrows of fortune are submitted to with stoic passivity. "When I met him," a bag lady named Hanna Schaefer explains of a man she lived with for three years,

> I had just left my last boyfriend and I was lonely. He insisted that I move in with him right away. I didn't want to but I gave in. I was very weak then. I had no mind of my own and would allow myself to be led anywhere without really knowing what I wanted.

What does one call this? Will-lessness? And where does that get us, considering that the concept of will is but dimly comprehended and mostly evaded in the literature of psychoanalysis? To comprehend the women glimpsed in this book—hair matted, feet swollen, terribly gaunt or terribly fat—is no easy matter once you get beyond the first response of sympathy or curiosity or perhaps hostility. For they suggest, curled up on sidewalks and riffling through garbage cans, the possibility of being radically uncared for, left to fend for yourself in the world when you don't, in fact, know how to fend for yourself in the world. The novelist Jean Rhys, I think, understood them but then her soul was akin to theirs; her characters, adrift in vague alliances with men and a tentative daily plan, prefigure the reality.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANN MARIE ROUSSEAU FROM 'SHOPPING BAG LADIES'

Ann Marie Rousseau's photographs are soberly black-and-white, unjazzy. Many of them are grim but there are some that capture lighter aspects—a woman powdering her nose, another toothlessly smiling among a table of cronies. For the most part, though, the women who speak here sound as though they've had it and are now simply waiting for the next blow. Mary Lou Prentiss, after quitting her job at ABC, went so far as to attempt suicide: "I was furious to still be alive. I still am." But there is surprisingly little *blaming* in these pages, as if these women sensed themselves to be victims with insufficient cause. Men come off the worst—predatory, disloyal, and abusive—and yet few of the women can do without them, prefering a minimum of company to a maximum of solitude: "I guess we don't require very much of either one," is how a bag lady assesses the situation, "and I think he and I could be happy together."

In her preface, Alix Shulman remarks upon the difference in cultural attitude toward the homeless male and the homeless female, pointing out that while the former has been romanticized, even celebrated, the latter has remained invisible. Why, indeed, is there no aura of glamour about the female vagabond? Why are shopping bag ladies feared and hoboes, however distantly, envied? Perhaps it stems from an inability to associate our images of women—those keepers of the hearth—with the values of the open road. Perhaps, too, it would be an act of genuine psychological liberation to look upon shopping bag ladies as escapees from the doll's house, traveling lightly as the rest of us polish the furniture. That perspective, however, is held by none of the women I know: deep in our hearts we choose encumbrances over the lack of them, as if encumbrances will save us from ourselves.

DAPHNE MERKIN

Daphne Merkin is a writer and editor living in New York. Her articles have appeared in the *New Leader* and *Encounter*.

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The Genre Of The Sex Report

The Cosmo Report
by Linda Wolfe

(Arbor House, 416 pp., $14.75)

Who could have guessed that "report" would become a dirty word, the sort of titillating substantive that, on the cover of a book, virtually guarantees sales? A less prepossessing candidate is hard to imagine. Reports used to be filed by coroners or wildlife commissions. Today, however, the word promises lascivious first-person narratives, as in *The Hite Report, The Spada Report, The Kahn Report*, and now *The Cosmo Report*.

Alfred Kinsey will doubtless be blamed for this lexicographic revolution. But the charge is doubly unjust. In the first place, Kinsey never published a book called *The Kinsey Report*. His two studies bore the self-effacing titles of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (1948) and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (1953). More importantly, the Kinsey studies were products of enormous industry and powerful analysis, neither of which can be said to afflict the sex reports of more recent years.

Sex reports are composed according to formula, the chief ingredients of which are the following:

1. *A magazine questionnaire.* Ideally—as in the present instance—one has a magazine of one's own. But failing that, one can always borrow somebody else's. Shere Hite borrowed *Oui* for her first report, and *Penthouse* for her second. James Spada borrowed *The Advocate* and *Christopher Street*. The questionnaires themselves should be brief, ethically loaded, and inanely specific. *Cosmo* asked only 79 questions—nearly all of them multiple choice—ranging from "Do you believe good sex is possible without love?" to "Have you made love on your lunch hour?"

2. *A countinghouse.* These are called "public opinion research companies." In the case of *The Cosmo Report*, this service was performed by the Simmons Market Research Bureau. (Such firms, I've noticed, are designated by a parade of nouns. Adjectives would seem to be anathema to them.) The countinghouse transforms questionnaire responses into simple percentages. This process lends the report an aura of statistical respectability, even though all sex reports share a blatant contempt for the logic of statistical analysis. *The Cosmo Report*, which is based on 106,000 questionnaires, makes patronizing remarks about the "mere" 6,000 women that provided the information for *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. But even a statistical dunce can tell that Kinsey's sample is reliable, while that of *The Cosmo Report* is hopelessly biased. Kinsey controlled his research population for such variables as age, marital status, education, and social class, thereby avoiding the distortions that might result from the overrepresentation of certain groups. By way of contrast, nearly 90 percent of the *Cosmo* replies come from women between 18 and 34; two-thirds of the respondents are unmarried; an even larger number—70 percent—have college degrees; only 7.2 percent call themselves "homemakers"; and almost a third claim family incomes over $25,000 a year. In short, these women are young, single, educated, employed, and rich. They are also readers of *Cosmopolitan*, and thus the bearers of a with-it philistinism that one dearly hopes has not yet established its national hegemony.

3. *An author.* In sex reports, the author is generally an afterthought. He or she comes into the picture only when the work of the questionnaire and the countinghouse is finished. Ostensibly, the author is chosen for reasons of style. Thus Helen Gurley Brown in her foreword to *The Cosmo Report*:

> More than 106,000 *Cosmo* readers had filled in and mailed their sex-survey questionnaires to us. Then came the task of interpreting the findings. Linda Wolfe, author, behavior and science writer and a fine writer *generally*, was engaged to study the results Simmons had compiled for us.

One might be tempted to fault Linda Wolfe for writing sentences like, "Letters blizzarded the magazine." But that would be unfair. She is on the whole quite a decent stylist, and after Shere Hite her prose reads like Lionel Trilling. Indeed, her very articulateness will be a source of frustration to old-hand sex report aficionados.

4. *First-person narratives.* The author's primary responsibility is to select and edit the first-person narratives that constitute the heart of every sex report. In a masterpiece of the genre—such as Shere Hite's latest book—these narratives occupy about 90 percent of the text. The author strings them together with a line or two of comment or a random generalization, which might be compared to the recitative between the arias of an opera. Linda Wolfe shows her inexperience when she allows her own prose to hog nearly half the pages of *The Cosmo Report*. She also squanders 88 pages on a statistical appendix, which will fool no one familiar with statistics and takes up valuable space that Shere Hite put to much more gratifying use when she capped her book with 30 uninterrupted autobiographies. Nevertheless, the publishers of *The Cosmo Report* have seen to it that the first-person narratives are set off typographically for quick identification. These stories, incidentally, don't come from the questionnaire, but from 2,500 letters that the author solicited when she published a preliminary version of her findings in *Cosmopolitan* last fall.

5. *An upbeat tone.* Sex reports always bring good news, telling us how far we've come from the bad old days of Victorianism. At the same time, they strive for a proper balance between restraint and abandon. Linda Wolfe captures just the right mood in her observations about a woman who had her first orgasm at 69:

> Of all the letters received for *The Cosmo Report*, this one—which was written on lime-green stationery in a spidery, old-

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fashioned handwriting—was my favorite. I was touched by the simplicity with which the Minnesota woman made perhaps the most important statement that can be made about orgasm: that it can be learned.

In her more vulgar way, Helen Gurley Brown achieves the same effect in the book's foreword: "It's somehow reassuring to know that a whopping 92 percent said they prefer sex *with* commitment (even though 55 percent have made love on their lunch hour)." Sex reports invariably combine moral uplift with self-indulgence.

6. *A judicious blend of the banal and the quaint.* The primary function of a sex report is to arouse (see number 4 above). But it has the secondary tasks of reassuring and amusing. "Teen-age girls everywhere and in every era have always thought sexual thoughts," followed by a passage from *Romeo and Juliet*, answers to the first of these, while amusement is supplied by entries like, "Once I worked in a fast-food place, and everytime the refrigerator turned on, I'd get a sexual rush. It was the sound that did it." Again, however, Linda Wolfe is no match for the veteran Shere Hite, whose book offers sexier narratives, more awesome banalities, and zingier one-liners. None of the quotations in *The Cosmo Report*, for instance, can compare with that from the fellow who wrote Hite, "My only sexual areas are my back and genitals. My breasts and asshole could disintegrate for all I care."

WHAT, then, does this book tell us? Strictly speaking, nothing. That is, it contains no general conclusions that one can retail with any confidence in their accuracy. Moreover, even as a report on the sexual lives of *Cosmo* girls, it offers few surprises. The findings are very close to those uncovered by earlier studies with similarly biased samples, notably *The Redbook Report*, Hite's first book, and *The Kahn Report*. Cosmo girls have lots of sex, enjoy it, and want more. At the same time, they sometimes resent the pressure to perform—half of them think that the sexual revolution has gone too far. They find it easier to achieve orgasm through oral or manual stimulation than during intercourse. They prefer to have sex in the dark. They masturbate a great deal. They've had several different lovers, and they've been unfaithful. All of this is tiresomely familiar. It merely confirms our prejudices without adding to our knowledge.

The one thing the report documents unambiguously is a decline in the intellectual quality of sexual discussion over the past three decades. The Kinsey reports were much criticized at the time of their publication for various moral and conceptual shortcomings. But seen from the perspective of today's sexual debate, they look like monuments to intellectual and ethical seriousness. That tradition in sexual research is not altogether defunct. Just this year Alan Bell, Martin Weinberg, and Sue Kiefer Hammersmith have published a superb study of sexual preference, which exhibits all the empirical conscientiousness associated with Kinsey at his best. But whereas three decades ago the Kinsey volumes gained the sort of popular attention that is now reserved for pseudostudies like *The Cosmo Report*, *Sexual Preference* (despite a notice in *Newsweek*) seems destined for academic oblivion. I don't relish sounding like the Oswald Spengler of sexology, but the trend, I think, is both clear and disheartening.

PAUL ROBINSON

ISRAELI PLURALISM

Party and Politics in Israel: Three Visions of a Jewish State by Rael Jean Isaac

(Longman, Inc., 256 pp., $22.50)

This study of the historical roots and present condition of the fractious parliament of Israeli political life, along with an earlier volume on the ideological character of the "dove-hawk" struggle in Israel, establishes Rael Jean Isaac as a judicious, innovative, and genuinely outstanding scholar. In *Party and Politics in Israel* she argues the presence of three dominant currents in Zionist thought and in the history of the movement.

Labor Zionism, which Mrs. Isaac refers to as Socialist Zionism, weaved a dual ideological commitment into a single political goal: the creation of a Jewish state in which a Socialist system would lead to the establishment of an "ideal" (i.e., egalitarian) society. Mrs. Isaac's treatment of the tenacious Labor Zionists is thorough and instructive.

However, Mrs. Isaac's analysis of the right-wing Zionist movement—and her discussion of religious Zionism—is the real strength of her study. Revisionist Zionism (and allied non-Socialist factions) waged an unadorned struggle—the goal: a national refuge for a homeless and endangered people. This tradition in Zionism, to which Menachem Begin is the self-proclaimed and generally acknowledged heir, was dominated by the personality of Vladimir Zeev Jabotinsky, Begin's ideological mentor, a man animated by a fervor for mass rescue. The Revisionist vision focused on mass immigration and Jewish statehood in Palestine, relegating to secondary status the issue of what kind of society was to be established in the new commonwealth. Mrs. Isaac brings to life the militarist lore of the Revisionists, the poetry of Uri Zwi Greenberg, and of Jabotinsky himself, which preached the rebirth of Zion in "Blood and Fire," and chided Diaspora Jewry for its unwillingness to take the national destiny into its own hands. And Mrs. Isaac contends that the Revisionists under Jabotinsky were, in fact, the true heirs to Theodor Herzl, the father of political Zionism.

Religious Zionism, properly identified by Mrs. Isaac as the oldest manifestation of the Jewish national movement, was nonetheless only a minor element in the Zionist political spectrum during the prestate (pre-Holocaust) period. But with the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948, the vast majority of Orthodox Jewry abandoned the notion that political Zionism was apostasy—an attempt on the part of secularists to accelerate the redemption by taking the work of the Almighty into their own hands. Now a highly significant "swing" factor in Israeli politics, religious Zionists, still relatively few in number, view the return to Zion

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as a natural prelude to the messianic era. They embrace (or, in some cases, merely accept) the political concept of the nation-state, but advocate religious piety, on the part of state institutions and within society at large, as a necessary precondition to attainment of the ultimate divine end.

A variety of more peripheral elements also plays a role in contemporary Israeli politics, some posing ideological challenges to Zionism itself. Among these are a Communist party, heavily supported by the demographically ascendant Israeli Arabs; assorted other left factions; small ultra-Orthodox sects, still clinging to a view of Zionism as sacrilege; and even "Levantinists," many of whom reject the notion of a Jewish state—some preferring to think of Israelis as Canaanites—despite their origins in the extreme right-wing of prestate Zionist politics.

While Mrs. Isaac does deal with these challenges to the dominant political ethos, her primary concern is the mainstream of Israeli political life. She demonstrates that despite a plethora of blocs, parties, and factions—which seem to surface, vanish, and reappear in new form with each new election campaign—the political dynamic in Israel has been characterized by a certain internal stability and coherence, a consequence of the predominance of the three fundamental Zionist "visions." Political debate, as well as party realignment and metamorphosis, has largely taken place within firmly established boundaries.

Mrs. Isaac is less than sanguine about the future of Israeli politics. She argues that the broad Zionist consensus which had placed ideological limits on the extent of actual or potential political fragmentation has been seriously eroded during the period since the Six Day War. The emergence of the territorial issue led to substantive disagreements, not just over how to achieve maximum security, but over the very meaning and purpose of the Zionist endeavor. Mrs. Isaac seems to see the dove-hawk clashes that mark contemporary Israeli politics as conflicts of a wholly different order from previous disputes within Zionist ranks. But some might feel that the hostility between the Begin government and its sometime-supporters in the Gush Emunim [Block of the Faithful] on the one hand, and the Peace Now movement on the other, is a phenomenon not vastly different from the prestate schisms over such burning questions as partition, or how to wage the struggle for an end to British rule. As deep as the breaches were at various junctures, it proved possible to forge considerable unity during the War of Independence, and consensus in the context of post-1948 Israeli politics.

The current absence of consensus over the future of the West Bank (Judea and Samaria) and the Palestinian question may be the product of Israel's comparative security. Whether a crisis would promote unity in the ranks remains an open question. During the late spring election campaign, partisan responses to issues such as the presence of Syrian missiles in Lebanon, or the bombing of the Iraqi nuclear reactor, suggested that Israelis still recognize the need to present a united front to the outside world—when a threat to the security of the state is perceived. There may not have been total agreement with every facet of the government's response, but a broad general consensus did emerge—and quickly—despite the bitter political campaign in progress. And the actual results of the elections suggest even more emphatically the degree to which the Israeli electorate is determined to hold down a broad center and reject the implorings of both the extreme left and the annexationist right. Perhaps, then, the future is less ominous than implied here. Still, Mrs. Isaac's contribution to the study of Israeli politics is a formidable one.

ERIC BREINDEL

Eric Breindel is a student at Harvard Law School.

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TRB, *from page 4*

How the nuclear duel burdens either side! The American budget is skewed by massive appropriations for arms. This puts the ultimate burden on the poor and guarantees a deficit. Simultaneously Moscow gloomily reports shortages in production goals in grain, coal, steel, and new construction. The U.S. has 300,000 troops in Europe; the Soviets put all 18-year-olds into their 3.6 million-man active forces. The leaders aren't young. Amiable septuagenarian Reagan presides in the White House. Frosty-eyed Leonid Brezhnev, who will be 75 next month, rules a politburo in which the average age is 71. Sometimes the young people must wonder.

A remarkable feature in this situation is the leadership coming from the Catholic hierarchy, a mature group to be sure, which startled demonstrators may note with wonder in days to come. Archbishop Quinn of San Francisco said in a sermon last month that "the Catholic Church clearly teaches that nuclear weapons and the arms race are essentially evil," and he asked his congregation to make appropriate resistance. Other prelates are even stronger. It can't be waved away as propaganda from the Communist left. The U.S.-Soviet meeting at Geneva marks some kind of a dividing line. We should find out if there is any give in the Soviet position. We could have a follow-up on Reagan's foreign policy. We shall sound out the new relationship developing within NATO, and between us and our allies. Is Reagan's campaign ideology inflexible, a kind of theology in which the Soviets are irredeemably evil? George Kennan denounced the attitude at Dartmouth College last week. He did not deny the Soviet Union's faults. But he cried out against "this endless series of distortions and oversimplifications," "this systematic dehumanization of the leadership of another great country; this routine exaggeration of Moscow's military capabilities and of the supposed iniquity of their intentions. . . ." He went on like this for another purple passage or two and wound up with an admonition that Reagan and Nitze might heed: such simplifications, he warned, "are not the marks of maturity and realism one expects of the diplomacy of a great power." No, he said, "they are the marks of an intellectual primitivism and naiveté unpardonable in a great government." Exactly.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

feelings—that different though we may be—we are all human, all American, and not just the white majority should benefit from our institutions.

Joan Swigart
Peoria, Illinois

Mark Crispin Miller replies:
Neither of these letters contains an accurate restatement of my argument, and I suggest that our correspondents read "Black and White" again, more carefully. These letters actually endorse the subtle sort of racism which appears regularly on television. It is certainly true, as Mr. Tollett says (and as I pointed out), that "there is nothing romantic about racism," and so it would seem proper to dispense with Mr. Tollett's rhetoric of noble lamentation ("lingering legacy," "broken promises"), which only helps to conceal "racism's virulence." Yes, "we are all human," as Ms. Swigart says, and this is why racism is now a matter of *mutual* antagonisms, and not simply a sad story of white wolves and black sheep. Such a myth not only obscures the realities of life in cities other than Peoria, but—worse yet—serves to make black helplessness seem permanent and poignant, something that lets us indulge our tender "feelings" without having to think politically, or do anything more than "understand." As long as this myth holds sway, Mr. Tollett's statistics will endure.

More Miller Time

To the editors:
Bless Mark Crispin Miller. His article on Jerry Lewis ("On Sickness on TV," TNR, October 7) said it right. Lewis is a leech who sucks emotional blood. I am handicapped. Yes, with a degenerating disease. So what? I am also sexy, married, the mother of two children (hopefully the lawyer and the doctor). Furthermore, I hold advanced university degrees. And I am a hell of a cook. Most important of all, I am not unique.

Pamela Gray
Bowling Green, Ohio

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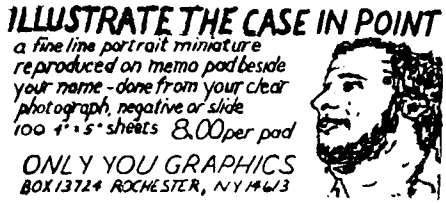
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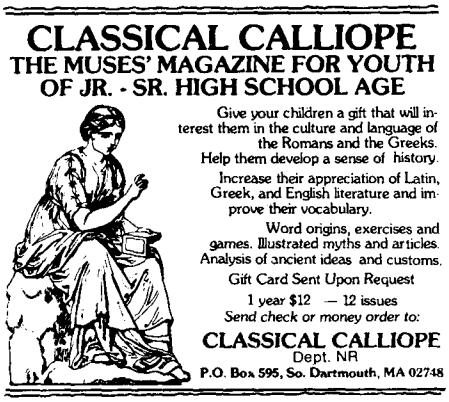
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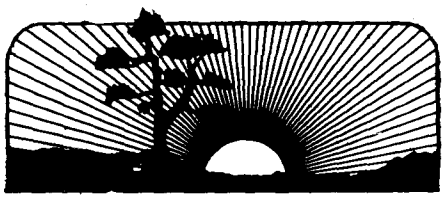

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

World Shatterers

PROPRIETY INSTRUCTS US: *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. These words apparently apply to the very old as well. At 87, John J. McCloy is mentioned, as if age were virtue, in tones approaching awe. A quarter-century ago, when Richard Rovere described the American establishment, he designated McCloy as its chairman of the board. McCloy has been chairman of the World Bank, the Chase Manhattan Bank, the Ford Foundation, and the Council on Foreign Relations. His base has been Milbank Tweed, a Wall Street law firm servicing the old Rockefeller empire as well as newer and much larger oil interests. For these interests, McCloy extracted from the Kennedy Administration outlandish, and permanent, tax concessions which, far from sating the petroleum industry, have only induced it to think no privilege too outlandish to pursue and very few too outlandish to win. Any well-connected lawyer would aim to do no less for its clients. So it is hard in a society which honors greed as ours does to see this as evil. But Jack McCloy is no stranger to evil. While Israel was reeling from the attack launched by Syria and Egypt in the 1973 Yom Kippur War, McCloy led a delegation of presidents from among the "Seven Sister" major oil companies to the White House, urging Richard Nixon to leave the beleaguered Jewish state to face its enemies without U.S. arms supplies. One could see this as just another lawyerly service to the owners of the Arabian American Oil Company. But McCloy's callousness about the fate of Jews had become a habit. During World War II, as Assistant Secretary of War, McCloy singlehandedly obstructed designs to bomb the death complex at Auschwitz-Birkenau. McCloy said that it would be "impracticable." We now know that, in the very months when McCloy was denying urgent appeals to demolish the crematoria, U.S. planes were carrying out bombing and reconnaissance missions over quite trivial military targets in the Auschwitz area. On August 14, 1944, McCloy offered a final justification for not interrupting the Auschwitz routine: it "might provoke even more vindictive actions by the Germans." So it would seem that McCloy prevented the destruction of Auschwitz out of compassion for the Jews already being killed there. A less ambiguous opportunity for a display of compassion came in 1950 when, as U.S. High Commissioner in Germany, McCloy began to review the sentences of Nazi war criminals. McCloy gave full clemency to those capitalists whose factories all over Nazi Europe had been worked by tens of thousands of slave laborers: executives of I.G. Farben, Siemens, and Telefunken, as well as the Reich's top two industrialists, Friedrich Flick and Alfried Krupp. They weren't even obliged to compensate the surviving slaves. But McCloy returned all of Krupp's property—because confiscation violated "Anglo-Saxon procedures."

MCCLOY WAS back in town in early November as a witness before a federal commission charged with determining whether Japanese-Americans interned in detention camps during World War II were entitled to compensation. McCloy said they weren't. He also said that everyone was a little put out by the war. "It caused disruption in all our lives"—disruptions for him (McCloy left Wall Street for Washington, D.C.), and disruptions for U.S. citizens forcibly uprooted from their homes and jobs to barbed-wire establishments. These camps surely were not Auschwitz, but McCloy does not seem to understand the difference between the traumas of expulsion and confinement, of scorn and deprivation, and his own war-generated upward mobility. The camps, he said, were "very pleasant," the process of incarceration "humanely conducted." Now, Krupp deserved to get his fortune back, because taking it violated "Anglo-Saxon procedures." Apparently these procedures were not violated by what McCloy equably called the "deconcentration" and "redistribution" of some 120,000 American citizens of Japanese origin. Even now McCloy cannot see the faceless Japanese. In this they are different from Alfried Krupp. McCloy had no doubt about Krupp's guilt. But Krupp was like one of McCloy's wealthy clients, deserving only the best, which is what the High Commissioner made sure he got.

AFTER THE FIRST successful nuclear explosion on August 16, 1944, at Alamogordo, New Mexico, Major General Leslie Groves, commander of the A-bomb Manhattan Project, wrote Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, then in Potsdam, of the mood among those watching the test. He recalled that "Dr. Kistiakowsky, the impulsive Russian, threw his arms around Dr. Oppenheimer and embraced him with shouts of glee." Not everyone was quite so gleeful, including Dr. Oppenheimer, who quoted gloomily from the *Bhagavad-Gita* after the burst of light and the roar of the explosion, "I am become death, the shatterer of worlds." Blessedly, Kistiakowsky has changed his mind about the bomb. The movement he is now involved with has suddenly taken off, in some large measure because of Ronald Reagan's reckless nonsense about winnable nuclear wars. At Harvard on Armistice Day, Kistiakowsky spoke at an anti-nuke teach-in on a panel that included former SALT negotiator Paul Warnke, who lamented, as TNR has, the failure to ratify SALT II. Also speaking was Yuri Kapralov, counselor at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. Richard Pipes, a senior Harvard historian, on leave at the National Security Council, was scheduled to speak, but the invitation was rescinded, reportedly because Kistiakowsky felt his presence would be inconsistent with the spirit of the meeting. Apparently not inconsistent with the spirit of the meeting was the appearance of the Kremlin's official representative. Because of his hardline views, Pipes was made *persona non grata* at what had been billed as a balanced discussion in his own university, while a professional flak for the invasion of Afghanistan and SS-20 missiles in Europe was received as an ally. The antinuclear movement faces the moral and intellectual peril of becoming an anti-American movement. Its luminaries must now be watched to see if, as a corollary to their objections to the continued manufacture of nuclear arms, they are ready to support genuine conventional arms parity between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. Neutralizing the Soviet advantage in this area will require vast increases in allocations for tanks, guns, ships, bases, and even airplanes. It will also mean the return of conscription in the U.S. We might, then, ask whether our friends among the "concerned scientists" and the "socially responsible physicians" really favor a credible Western defense at all. Many of these folk, whom I know quite well, don't. Others haven't given it a moment's thought.

M.P.

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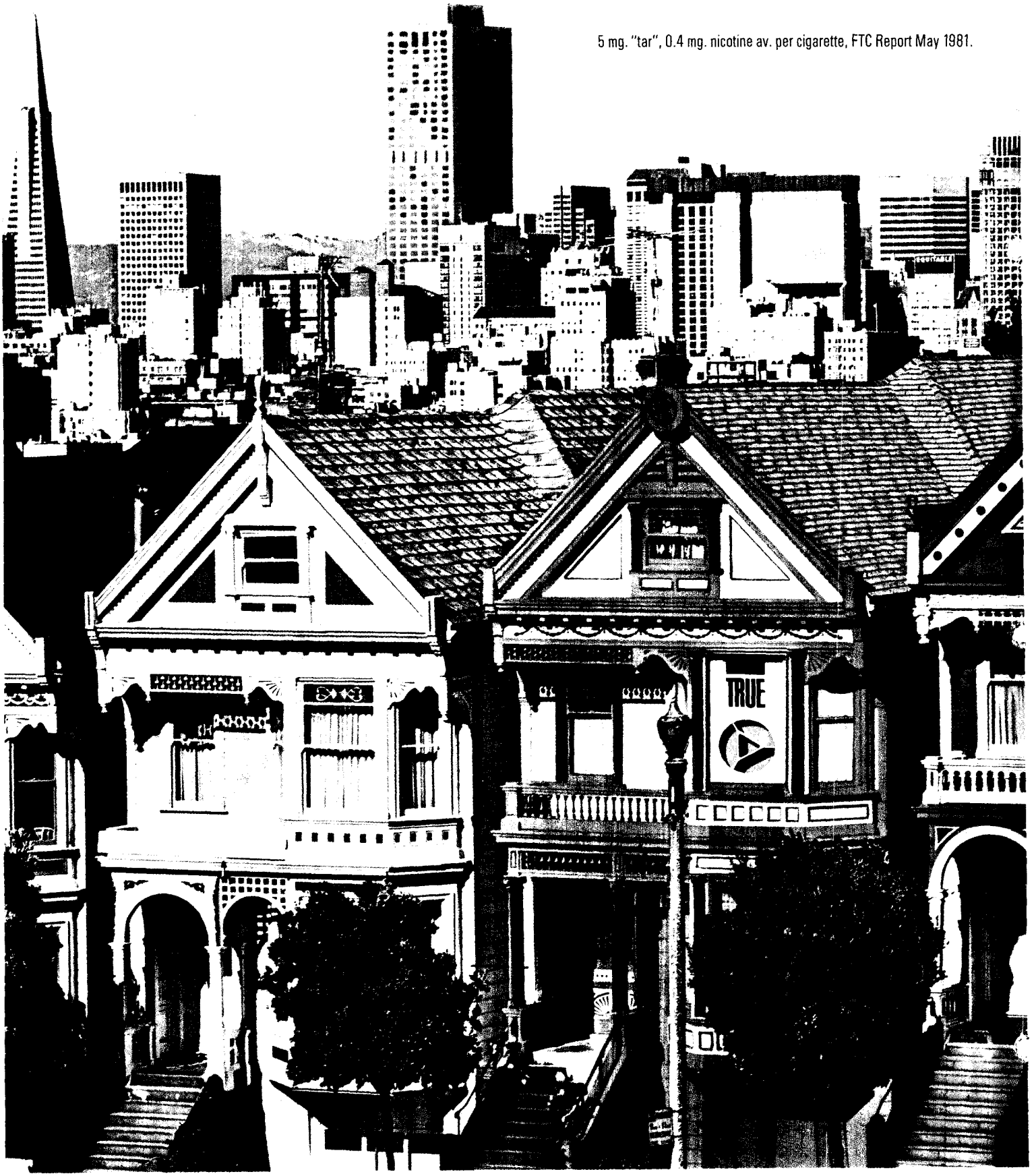

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